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Campbell

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Sept. 1875.
WALKS OF USEFULNESS



ITS ENVIRONS.

BY JOHN CAMPBELL,

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ADVERTISEMENT.

THE following work was begun under a strong conviction, that much more might be done for the salvation of our countrymen than has yet been accomplished, or perhaps attempted. If every Christian were to consider himself a missionary from God to such perishing men as he has access to, which he certainly is, much good might be done every day.— If every nobleman, and every gentleman not engaged in business, and who know the grace of Jesus Christ, were acting according to the example set before them in this publication, the attention of the careless rich, and the careless poor, would be much more directed to divine subjects than at present is the case.

Perhaps some may object to this method of doing good, as rather a mean and degrading employment for a man of

rank. To this it may be replied, that not a few men of rank frequently stoop to meaner practices, and to obtain an infinitely less important object. But there can be no degradation in their attending to the practice here recommended; for it is their duty to condescend to men of low estate, and it will finally redound to their honour; for those who are wise, and turn many to righteousness, shall shine as the brightness of the firmament, and as the stars for ever and ever.

But I would not only urge the practice on those who move in higher circles, but upon all the friends of Jesus, from the prince down to the pauper in the parish work-house, and can assure them, from some experience and observation, that there is little danger of their meeting with abusive language, or any interruption, from those whom they may address, if they do it with prudence and affection.

Let not females suppose that their sex exempts them from attending to this important concern. Providence presents

opportunities of usefulness to them, as well as to men ; and it is of importance for them also, to occupy their talents till Christ shall come.

I am persuaded, that many are deterred from entering this wide field of usefulness from an apprehension that insurmountable difficulties are in the way, rather than from an aversion to the work. It is hoped that the examples contained in these pages, will convince them that their fears are groundless.

The satisfaction of mind which a person so employed might enjoy every evening, while reflecting on the occurrences of the day, would richly compensate for all the toil and trouble ; for he who watereth others, from love to Jesus and to them, will find his own soul like a well-watered garden, or a field which the Lord hath blessed. The good man shall be satisfied from himself.

If this work commends itself to our consciences as a good work, let us covet earnestly the requisite gifts for perform-

ing it ; let us meditate much on the eternal and astonishing love of God to sinners ; on the arduous work which the Son of God accomplished for their redemption ; on the shortness of the period allotted to us for honouring God in such a way ; and on the awful and endless miseries which saved sinners escape, and the inconceivable glories to which they are raised. If these things dwell richly and powerfully in our minds, whether we move in the higher or lower circles of life, we shall feel disposed and fitted for this important service.

Though I have presented these Walks of Usefulness to the public, I have to confess, with shame, that they describe, in many instances, what might have been done, rather than what, in many cases, I have really done. It is my sincere desire that they may excite both the writer and the reader to greater exertions for the welfare of others, and to a more constant and ardent imitation of the bright example of the Friend of sinners, who

had compassion on the ignorant, and on them that were out of the way, who went about doing good; and of whom it is said, the common people heard him gladly.

Kingland.

J. C.

WALKS OF USEFULNESS.

WALK I.

On the conduct of Diogenes—Walk in search of a Wise Man—Conversation with a Beggar—a Watchman.

A FEW evenings ago I was conversing with some friends, on the strange conduct of Diogenes, the Cynic philosopher, who went at high noon into the market-place at Athens, with a lighted candle and lantern in his hand, and who, when asked what he sought for, answered—an honest man! When I went to bed, I first dreamed of Diogenes, and then supposed, that I set out upon a similar excursion along the streets of London. I accosted the first person I met, and inquired whether he had worshipped his God that morning. He bluntly told me he had not; upon which I replied, You are not a wise man; for you have neither thanked God for preserving you the past night, nor solicited his

protection and direction during this day. God may thereby be provoked to protect you no more ; and he may permit you to make some losing bargains in business to-day ; for he who trusts to his own understanding in any matter is a fool, since he might have had the aid of infinite wisdom, to teach him to transact his business with discretion : wherefore, friend, be wise, and consider these things.

After this I moved forward to a second person, of whom I inquired, whether he had read any part of the Scriptures to-day ? No, said he ; I have not seen a bible since last Sunday. Then, friend, said I, you have not obeyed the counsels of wisdom ; for she recommends waiting daily at her gates, and listening to her instructions. He assured me he had no leisure for such matters. I asked if he ever found leisure to attend to his business, or to keep his books ? Yes, sure ; for were I not to do that, my family would suffer. Aye, but if you neglect the other, your own soul will suffer, and be ruined for ever. He shrugged up his shoulders, and walked off.

I then stopped a man who was running along full speed. When he stood still, I perceived he was almost out of breath. I made bold to ask him why he made such haste? He said, he was afraid he should be too late at market, and that his neighbours would have bought up every thing. Now friend, tell me, Was you ever as much in earnest after God and eternal life? On hearing the question he was for running off, without making any answer, but I detained him, till he confessed he had never been much concerned either to seek God, or obtain eternal life; that other pursuits engrossed all his attention. But, said I, you can have no other pursuit of so much importance as to have the enjoyment of God's friendship, and the hope of eternal life. That may be all very true; but to market I must run just now. And away he went in great haste.

The next person with whom I engaged in conversation, was a poor BEGGAR, sitting by the way-side. I inquired, how long he had been in the practice of begging. More than twenty years, said he. And pray

how much of these twenty years has been employed in begging spiritual and eternal riches from God? Very little, indeed, said the poor man. What account will you be able to render to God for having begged so long, and with such earnestness for a few pence, while you neglected to solicit him to pardon your sins, to sanctify your soul, and to give you an inheritance among his people? Here he shook his head, and said, I know not. Before I leave you, listen to this advice: seek not only for the bread that perishes with the using, but for that also which endureth to everlasting life.

Determining not to be idle, I looked round, in order to fix upon some person with whom I might next converse. Observing a WATCHMAN moving slowly along, I went forward to him, and inquired what he had been about, for he seemed much fatigued. No wonder I am fatigued, said he, having been on watch the whole of last night, which was both cold and boisterous.-- Well, friend, said I, tell me what occupied your thoughts most, during the long and tedious night? I thought chiefly how I

might keep myself dry and warm. But did you think nothing of the dark and doleful night of death! No, sir, indeed I did not. But you must think of it soon, for I see there are gray hairs here and there upon your head. Upon which he took off his hat, and combed down his hair with his fingers; but made no reply.

Now do converse with me, friend; I shall not detain you long from breakfast.—Tell me, do you ever look up to the starry heavens, to view them as proclaiming the glory of the great Creator and Supporter? Indeed, sir, to tell you the truth, I never thought much about these things; only I said one night to my neighbour, Tom Thelison, that I wished all the stars were so brought together as to make one tolerable moon that would shine every night for us; and Tom said it was a happy thought. Are you not very thankful when the moonlight nights arrive? Indeed I am, said the watchman. But had you always moon-light, you would, perhaps, not be thankful for it one minute during the three hundred and sixty-five nights of the year; so God teaches us

the value of some of his mercies, by depriving us of them for a while. Instead of murmuring against God for withdrawing his moon from us now and then, we should rather thank him that he does not withdraw the sun for the half of every month. Were he to do so, this would be a much more gloomy world than it is.

You watch the street, lest the inhabitants should be robbed of their property, do you not? To be sure; I am not watching to prevent the houses running away. Be serious, friend, are you ever afraid of being robbed of your soul's happiness? Who can rob me of that? The Devil. How? By keeping you from serious thoughts about it, from reading the Scriptures, from hearing the Gospel preached; that when you die he may get your soul to his awful prison of hell. If you were once acquainted with God, he could make your watch-box a kind of Bethel, as a house of God, and gate of heaven; then, instead of longing for morning light, you would wonder how soon the darkness passed and was gone. If that were the case, said he, I

should be a much happier man than I am at present, for in these long nights I become tired, and fretful, and as angry as a tiger, and I go home to scold my wife, and that makes us all miserable and unhappy; for by my usage of her, I teach her to scold me as I scold her. Go home now, said I, and think upon these things. He took my advice, and went away very thoughtful.

WALK II.

*Conversation with a Lady—a Nurseryman
—a Mole-catcher—Boy and Bird's-nest
—Angler.*

THE first person I met on walking a little distance from London, was a LADY, elegantly dressed, who was almost afraid to let her feet touch the ground. Madam, said I, excuse me, if I ask, What employed your thoughts this morning, before you left home? Sir, said she, if I must tell you, I

have been thinking a great deal about a foolish mantua-maker, who has completely spoiled my gown. But, in a morning, should not some more important matter engage our attention? Such, for example, as the worth of the soul, the glory of God, the value of a Saviour, the morning of the resurrection, a judgment to come, &c.? This made her serious for a moment; but by forcing a little courage, she asked, with a sneer, if we were always to be thinking about these things? In heaven, said I, they are always contemplating the things of God, and they are far from being unhappy. If we do not think always of them, we should certainly think sometimes, and no time more proper than in the morning, when we are entering upon a new day; it would prepare our minds for repelling the temptations and escaping the snares to which we may be exposed during the day; it might furnish suitable and useful matter for conversation with friends whom we may meet. But, Sir, said she, I do not like to think of such things; and though I did, I should not know what to think of them, for I know

but little of them. I perceive, Madam, you stand in need of a new heart and a new spirit from God ; without these, you cannot see the glories of the King, or the kingdom of God. Then, according to your account of me, I am blind. Yes, Madam, and would to God you knew it ! Then would you come to Jesus in prayer, to open the eyes of your understanding, that you might behold the wondrous things contained in his law. After this, you would order the fashions and follies of this vain world to retire to the back ground ; then you would be desirous to obtain wisdom from God, who has promised to bestow this blessing on them who seek it of him. Do you then consider me as a fool, Sir ? I do not consider you as possessed of that true wisdom that cometh from above. Pray, Madam, did you ever laugh in the theatre, at their droll representations of drunkenness and debauchery ? To be sure I have ; and were the gravest philosopher in Europe there, he would laugh too. Well, Madam, by your own confession you make a jest of sin ; and God pronounces

all fools who do so. If you were present yourself, said she, be who you may, my word for it, you would laugh as heartily as any person in the house. Lest I should do so, I will not go ; for I am taught to pray unto God, Lead me not into temptation ; consequently I must not rush into it myself. Likewise, when a person has frequently laughed at a vice, he will not afterwards hold it in great abhorrence. These theatrical representations ruin the morals of the age, and bring down judgments on the nation. Stop ! stop ! you are carrying the matter too far ; for if you go on with that kind of reasoning, you will make us out to be a very wicked nation indeed ! Yes, Madam, we are a sinful nation, a people laden with iniquity. Pray where have you come from this morning ? said the lady. I have come, Madam, from my closet, where I poured out my soul unto my God, beseeching him that he would enable me to do some good to-day in the world ; and by this conversation I am desirous of doing good to you ; and that you may be prevailed on to cease to do

evil, and may learn to do well. Upon this a young lady came frisking along, and calling out to the person with whom I was conversing, Oh, Madam, I am glad I have met you ; the company are all waiting and wondering what has detained you ! On which the lady walked off to her company.

A NURSERYMAN was the next that attracted my attention. He was carrying a number of young trees under his arm. I asked where those trees grew. He told me they had grown in his master's nursery. Is it not wonderful, said I, that such trees should grow at all ! No, said he, our ground is remarkably good, and we give it plenty of manure. True, friend ; but both the ground and manure are dead ; is it not, therefore, wonderful, that they can send up such beautiful trees, bearing flowers and fruit ? All good ground does that, said he. Very true, but supposing that not one tree or shrub, or any thing had risen out of the ground from the beginning of the world till the present day, and that now,

for the first time, we had observed all these things springing up from the earth, what should we have thought? Indeed, sir, I cannot tell, perhaps we should have thought that there were a number of ingenious people under ground sending them up; and, probably, curiosity would have prompted us to have dug down and examined the cause. Then you will allow that some Being sends the plants up? Surely, sir, and it must be God; for all the gardeners in the universe could not make a tulip. Well said, gardener! you are the wisest man I have met with to-day.

Can you inform me, gardener, how many different kinds of flowers there are? No, I cannot, for they are innumerable; there is not a man alive who has seen them all; and we are getting new flowers from abroad every year. Do you think that any gardener could invent a new flower, completely different from all that God has formed? No, I believe not; for variety is exhausted. But could not God produce in a moment as great a variety as he has done already, perfectly different from all which at present

exist? No doubt he could; for no bounds can be set to infinite wisdom and power. He could create a thousand worlds in the twinkling of an eye, as large as this one, and not two of them in the least resembling each other. Did you ever reflect, garden-er, that it requires the same power to de-stroy a world that was requisite to pro-duce it? No, I do not think I ever did; but I perceive it must be so; for though all the men in the world were to set about destroying it, they could only dig a few holes in it, which would soon be filled with water, and then they must give over dig-ging. But he who said, 'Let there be light, and there was light,' could have said again, Let there be no light, and instantly there would have been nothing but dark-ness. Do you think that God alone can change the heart? Here he said, emphati-cally, I am sure none else can, for I have often attempted, but in vain, to change my heart; nor can any man do it for me, but I went to God, and the old heart melted down before him, and he gave me a heart to fear and love him. Thus I found the

gardener a much wiser man than at the beginning of the conversation I expected to find him.

A man near me was telling another that he was a MOLE-CATCHER. Turning about to him, I said, Friend, you will be able to tell me whether it be a true report that I have heard of the mole, that it hath no eyes. Oh, said he, that is all false ; their eyes are small, but they can see as well as you or I ; indeed I sometimes think they both see and hear too well, for I find it very difficult to get hold of them.

The Bible declares that all men are born blind ; do you consider that a true report ? Not I, said he, it is almost the reverse ; for there are very few born blind. Dou you not think that some men are blind to their own interest ? Yes, said he, many, and I am one myself ; for had I taken my father's advice, and gone to the business which he recommended, I might have been riding to-day in my carriage. Well, that is a proof of blindness as it respects the things of this life ; but do you not think that all men are by nature blind to the importance and glory of

the things of God ; blind to the worth of the soul, the beauty of holiness, and necessity of a Redeemer ? Did you ever know one who naturally preferred these things to the vanities of this world ? Such a one, said he, would be fit to be placed in a museum of curiosities. Take care, then, friend, that you be not more blind than the mole, to your own immortal interests. Looking to his companion, he said, What do you think of all this divinity ? Is not the man perfectly sound ? Yes, said he ; and if he be right, you and I are both wrong.

Looking about me I perceived a little BOY carrying a BIRD'S-NEST. Persuaded that the soul of this boy was as valuable as the soul of an emperor, I considered it my duty to endeavour to be of service to him. For this purpose I asked him, what he carried in his hand. A bird's-nest, said he, smiling. Who made that nest ? A bulfinch. Who taught it to make the nest so neatly ? It's father, I suppose, said the boy. No such thing ; for all the bulfinches in the world build them exactly in the same manner ; and the young ones build

their first nest as neatly as the old ones build their last. Now, are not the oldest scholars at your school better readers than those who came to school last week? Yes, surely, said he : who was it then, he asked, who taught the bulfinch to build its nest? It was God ; and he will teach you to do greater things than he teaches the bulfinch, if you get acquainted with him.

But is it not cruel to take away the nest from the bulfinch? No ; what cruelty is there in it? When you go to your bedroom to-night, should you find that some person had run off with your bed, would you not be sorry? The poor bulfinch will not have a nest to sleep in to-night, because you have taken it away ; she will likewise have to lament the loss of her young ones, and were you now near her, you would hear her uttering some doleful notes, lamenting over a lost nest, and a lost family. On telling him these things, the tears came trickling down his cheeks. I see, said I, you are weeping because you injured the bulfinch ; did you ever weep because you have offended your God, who gave you life,

and health, and every good thing that ever you had? Go home, and get acquainted with Jesus Christ the Saviour of sinners, and through him you shall obtain pardon of all your sins, and he will wipe away, for ever, all tears from your eyes.

Perceiving a MAN ANGLING at a little distance, I hastened towards him. To introduce a conversation, I inquired whether he had caught many fish this morning. No, said he, they will not take the bait. Did you ever hear of people being sent out to fish for men? No, said he, smiling. What! have you never read in the New Testament that Jesus said to his disciples, I will make you fishers of men? Yes, said he, I have, but I never knew the meaning of it. The Son of God pitied man, and provided a net, called the Gospel. With this net he sent his apostles into all the world, that by means of it they might drag, or compel men to come out of the kingdom of darkness into that of God's dear Son. Their preaching the Gospel might be compared to throwing a net into the sea, and every sinner that believed their

message, resembled a fish caught in their kindly net. Many who heard them, were as reluctant to receive the truths they delivered, as the fishes in the river are to take your bait. You fish for the destruction of animals, but they preached for the salvation of men.

How long, said he, did these apostles continue to fish for men? To the day of their death, said I, and they left their net, the bible, behind them in the world, which has continued to catch men for more than seventeen hundred years, and shall not be withdrawn from the world, till the Son of God shall return to receive all who have been caught, into his everlasting habitation; and, my friend, allow me to assure you, that you will never be happy till this blessed net gets hold of you. Pray, said I, have you an apostolic net? Yes, I have, said he. Well, go home and examine it; the instant you truly understand it, you will find your heart caught by it.

I hope that on going home he looked into the Scriptures with new eyes.

WALK III.

Walk in Bishopsgate-street—Conversation with two gentlemen—A Fish-woman—A Goldsmith—A Physician—A Jew—A Fop—A Carman.

WALKING along Bishopsgate-street this morning, I observed two gentlemen standing as if amazed, at something that had happened. Pray, gentlemen, said I, what is the matter? On which one of them informed me that a genteel dressed man had hastily come up to him, and tipping him on the shoulder, had said, Pray, Sir, did you ever thank God for the use of your reason? No, said I, not particularly. Well, said he, do it now, for I have lost mine. On which he walked off with great speed.

Gentlemen, said I, you will not forget this circumstance soon; it ought to be a memento to you during the whole of life. Thankfulness for a blessing, and to use it to the glory of the giver, is the best way to secure the possession of it.

I was very much shocked during the time of this conversation, by observing a FISH-

WOMAN skinning a live eel with the greatest unconcern. On inquiring how she could be so cruel as to perform that operation while the creature was alive; Pho! said she, they are quite accustomed to it, for I do it every day. But not to the same eels, said I. No, that is true. Think then, how you should like to have *your* skin torn from your flesh whilst you were alive. Could that poor helpless animal speak, it would call out, Oh, murderer! Oh, the pain, torment, and misery I am suffering! Rather cut off my head, and kill me outright! I am willing to be a dinner for any man, but Oh, do not torment me! The woman threw down the eel, and asked me who I was; for she never heard a man express pity for an eel before. I fear, added she, you have prevented my skinning any more. A man came to the stall, and asked for a skinned eel, there is one half-skinned, you can finish the work yourself. He paid for it, and took it away.

So you are a GOLDSMITH, said I, to a man who was listening to our conversation? Yes, I am, replied he. I then inquired, if

all his gold was equally good when brought to him. No, said he, there is some of it very bad indeed. Pray what do you do with the bad gold? We refine it in the furnace. Well, friend, remember this, said I, your work, as a refiner, is emblematical of what God is doing every day to his people; he is purifying them in the furnace of affliction, taking away all their dross and tin, their corruptions, and their sinful inclinations.

Goldsmith, can you change copper into gold? No, I cannot. I should be a rich man if I could. Well, think of the power of him who can make a wicked man a holy man, a careless man thoughtful, an infidel a believer. This is a work no less wonderful than changing copper into gold, or tin into silver. Examine also whether, in the sight of a heart-searching God, you may be called a copper or a gold man.

While we were conversing, a man came bounce against me with such violence that he almost knocked me down, and ran on, without taking the least notice of what he had done. Oh, said a person present, I

fancy that is a pick-pocket who has broke out of prison. What a mercy, said I, it would be if every man was as eager to run from the prison of sin, to obtain the marvelous liberty of the sons of God. Christ came on purpose to open prison doors, and to set prisoners free from their confinement; but multitudes which they are bound with the chains with which they are deliveredance that they will not accept of the Son of God. But remember, my friends, 'if ye will be made free, ye shall be free indeed.'

There ! says the goldsmith, there go the PHYSICIAN, you had better give him a word of advice, for he requires it as much as any one. I went and asked him if he had cured any of his patients. Yes, said he, thousands ! Now, answer this inquiry. Have you cured yourself? Myself ! I have no disease, nor ever had. Is your soul in good health ? It has no pulse, sir. How shall I know whether it is whole or sound ? Very easily ; think whether it be a healthy soul or not ; whether it is seeking after heavenly wisdom, as for hidden treasure, whether it has an appetite for the bread

life, &c. Do you ever pray to God, sir? No, I do not; I am kept so busy night and day, that I have no time for it. Have you leisure to eat, sir? O, yes, or else I should starve. If your soul was in health, or holy, you would not find it more difficult to obtain leisure to pray than to find time to eat. Do you ever go to a place of worship? O, no; you know physicians are excused from that service. By whom? By the common consent of mankind. But does God dispense with their attendance on his ordinances? As for that, I know nothing about it. Poor physician! to you the health of others, perhaps rather the gold of others, is more valuable than the life and health of your own soul. Think what a man shall have profited though he gain the whole world, if he lose his own soul. Oh, sir, said he, it is not the money, it is the life and health of the patient that engages me constantly. Do not tell me so; for if no reward was given for your attendance, you would find many excuses for attending your patients less frequently. I request him to take notice of some asses that

were passing ; Do not you observe, said I, stupidity in their countenances ? God compares man in his natural estate to that stupid animal. See ! these asses neither know the way they ought to go, nor are they willing to go as the man directs them. In this they are a striking representation of vain man, who would be wise, though born like the wild ass' colt.

Now, sir, I can inform you of a physician who can cure hardness of heart, sinful propensities, &c. to whom you would do well to apply for a cure of all those inveterate diseases ; and remember, he demands no remuneration for the cures he performs. He is Jesus of Nazareth, the Son of God, and Prince of life. Here ended our conversation.

There was a Jew walking at a little distance, dressed in a black velvet cloak. I am happy to see you this morning, said I to him. Why so ? said he. Because you are a descendant of faithful Abraham, who was the friend of God ; and the book which I value above rubies was written by men of your nation. My Saviour also was your coun-

tryman, according to the flesh ; and it was your countrymen, who brought to us Gentiles the glad tidings, that there is salvation through Jesus, unto the whole world.

These are some of the reasons why I am glad to see you. He thanked me, and was walking off ; but I walked along with him, and inquired if he had a copy of the Scriptures. He said he had not ; on which I took out a bible, and presented it for his acceptance ; he received it gratefully. I informed him that the book I had given him contained the New as well as the Old Testament ; the former of which I begged him to read without prejudice, and to compare its contents with the predictions in the Old Testament, respecting Messiah and his kingdom. If he did so, I expressed a hope that God would thereby grant him repentance, to the acknowledgment of the truth. Repentance ! said he, of what ? Of your having denied that Jesus is the Messiah, and of all your ungodly deeds that you have committed. Read particularly the gospels, the Acts of the Apostles, and the epistle of Paul to the Hebrews, who himself was a

converted Jew. If you are ignorant of your own scriptures, your unbelief must arise from listening to the vain traditions of your uninspired Rabbies. It is of infinite importance to you to know whether God has or has not yet sent his Son into the world ; your eternal condition depends upon your rejecting or crediting that important fact ; for if you believe not that Jesus is the Christ, you shall die in your sins ; and the wrath of God, in consequence of them, shall abide on you for ever. He seemed to listen to all I said : but would not continue the conversation.

A FOP came strutting along at this very moment : as he passed, I whispered into his ear, We must all appear before the judgment-seat of Christ. He looked behind with such astonishment, that two men inquired what I had said to him ; upon which I repeated the scripture declaration, That we must all appear before the judgment-seat of Christ, assuring them that the Lord was at hand, that he was ready to judge the quick and the dead. After civilly thank-

ing me for my remark, they walked off together.

A **CARMAN** cruelly lashing an old horse, attracted the attention of many, some of whom declared that the man was a greater brute than the horse. With all his lashing, the creature could not move any faster, for his load was too heavy for him. I asked the man how long he had had that horse. He said fifteen years. How cruel, I said, to lash an old and faithful servant, especially when he is still exerting his utmost strength to serve you. God is not so hard a master to you, though, probably, you do not serve him with all your might, as the horse does you. To this he replied, that he served God as well as he could. O, no, my friend, there is not a man on earth does that. Referring the matter in dispute to the bystanders, I said, Friends, do any of us think as much of God as we might? Do we converse about the things of God as often as we might? Do we read his word as often as we might? No, no, called out almost every person around. And yet God, said I, gives us food, raiment, health, and

many other blessings, which should teach us to cultivate merciful dispositions toward man and beast. That is all good Gospel the man is telling you, friends, said an old woman. Yes, said I ; and if you will stop a minute, I shall tell you still better Gospel. Upon hearing this, the ring of people that surrounded me drew in a little closer, when I told them that God had so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on him should not perish, but have everlasting life ; that there is, therefore, now, no condemnation to them that believe in Jesus, &c. On saying this, a constable came up and desired the people to disperse, for they so crowded the pavement that the passengers could not get along. So every one went about his own business ; and I retired fatigued to my own lodgings, but pleased with the opportunities of doing good during my walk.

WALK IV.

*Arrival of an Express—The Locksmith—
Self-reflections—An Old Soldier.*

AS I passed the post-office this morning, an EXPRESS arrived with news from abroad. Hundreds collected in a trice, to obtain the earliest information respecting the contents of the express. While they were all anxiously waiting, I called aloud that I had good news to tell, in which they were all deeply interested. One demanded to know from whence I had the news. I replied, From heaven ! On which many retired, thereby intimating, that they had no desire to hear any thing from that quarter. However, I called out with a loud voice, That God had proclaimed peace with men upon earth, notwithstanding their rebellious conduct towards him ; and that he had sent his own Son to die for their offences, on purpose to reconcile them to his friendship and government. Indeed, my friends, said I, he laid upon him our guilt, and by his stripes alone we can be healed. Be ye

therefore in friendship with God ; throw down the weapons of your rebellion, and make his will your rule for the future ; then you shall be happy in life, at death, during all the solemnities of the judgment-day, yea, for ever and ever ! Now, gentlemen, I have done ; for I do not wish to prevent your hearing the news brought by the king's messenger ; but I judged these few hints might be of use to you through life. The whole company behaved very civilly, which encouraged me to proceed in my exertions to do good to the souls of men.

Observing a man on Fish-street hill, gazing at some prints in a window—Tell me, friend, said I, your occupation. I make LOCKS and HINGES, said he. Locks ! What is the reason why there is such a demand for locks ? Because there are so many thieves, to be sure. Do you think locks will be necessary in heaven ? No, I dare say not, for there are none but honest, upright people there. Why are there so many bad people here ? I know not why, but I am certain there are, for our prisons are all full. Adam surely was not created with a

thieving disposition—but satan prevailed on him to sin against God, and that robbed him of his purity and perfection—then men became hateful and haters of each other; and wherever there is no love to God or man in the heart, people will soon think there is little harm in defrauding each other. Consequently, said the smith, till men become better we must continue making locks, and good ones too, for the thieves are so expert that they find means to pick almost any lock, and though they be hanging them every month, there is always a new generation of them comes forward. Yes, my friend, and such generations will continue to spring up until the knowledge of the Lord shall cover the earth as the waters cover the sea. But what shall poor lock-makers do in these days? They must do as buckle-makers did when buckles went out of fashion. Why, what did they do? They learned other trades.

You mentioned, friend, did you not, that you also make hinges? Yes, many a hinge I have made; more I dare say than ever I shall make again. So you do not expect to

live as long in the world as you have done ? No, indeed, I do not, for you will observe I am growing an old man. Where do you expect to be, after you are gone from this life ? My Maker knows, but I do not. Are you anxious about what shall be the state of your soul after death ? Sometimes I am a good deal so. And what relieves you of your anxiety ? Nothing ; I just forget the matter by other things coming into my mind. But do you think this is wise conduct ? Perhaps not, but what can I do ? Would to God, that you knew you could do nothing for your salvation, and believed that God had such compassion on helpless man, that he sent his Son both to do and to die for them. O sir, said he, how shall I become acquainted with these things, for I am far from being a happy man, though I confess to you, I spend a great part of my time in the tap-room. Have you a bible, and can you read ? Yes, both, sir. Let it be your great concern to become acquainted with your bible, it will fully inform you of all these things ; and when you see a door upon hinges, ask yourself, Is that door a representation of me, moving backward and forward, but

making no progress? Do I make progress in the knowledge, in the love and service of Jesus Christ?

On leaving the locksmith, I felt a little fear and shame, and indisposition to proceed in the good work; but the following meditations relieved me:

The soul of man is to exist for ever in happiness or misery; thousands of these people who are passing along are ignorant of the way of peace. If I am instrumental in bringing any of them to a knowledge of the Saviour, they will bless God for ever that I conversed with them in the street. God sees me; he approves my work; his grace is all-sufficient.—I shall soon have done with this world.—All who are now walking about, will soon form part of the nations under ground. Some friends whom I esteem, will perhaps laugh at me as an eccentric character, as one who transgresses the bounds of order and decorum. But I thought—were those houses on the opposite side of the street on fire, though a gentleman cleaned not his feet on the scraper, though he should jump in at a window,

rush into a room, and drag out the most delicate ladies even by the hair of their heads, he would not be condemned for rudeness, seeing he did it to save their lives; neither should my conduct be condemned, since I do it to save souls.

I had no sooner made these reflections, than I marched boldly up to an OLD SOLDIER who was lounging about. I observed to him that his dress showed me that he had been in the army, and I supposed he had seen pretty severe service. Yes, said he, I was actively engaged in the war of fifty-six. Then he showed me the scars of sabres, &c. in different parts of his body, and one or two wounds from musket shots. On seeing these, I said, many of your companions must have fallen around you. Yes, a great many. Were they ready, think you, to appear before God? O, poor fellows, many of them had not a moment to cry for mercy after they had received the mortal wound. Do you think it was wise to put off crying for mercy till they had received their mortal wound? The event shows, said he, they had better have begun

sooner. Did this lead *you* to cry for mercy after the engagement, lest you should be carried off the next battle? It did not, said he, for we were a set of thoughtless fellows. We were so familiar with death, that we thought nothing of it; and had we thought much on the matter, we should all have become cowards together. Do you think that a man who has the fear and love of God in his heart, and confides in God for every blessing, will thereby become a coward? No, said he, I cannot say so, for I recollect a methodist soldier in our regiment, who was constantly praying, singing hymns, and reading the bible; that fellow, sir, was one of the bravest, as well as soberest men in the army; he would volunteer to enter a breach as soon as any man; indeed, he was raised to the rank of sergeant, by the general, for a brave exploit he had performed in the Netherlands: he was the very first man that scaled the wall of a fortified town, and you know that is not an easy business, when there are enemies on the top ready to knock you down.

Providence has been very kind in pre-

serving you amidst so many dangers—has his goodness led you to consider your ways, and to turn to him for mercy? I am not so good yet as I should be. Let me tell you, my friend, that if you are not a believer in the Son of God, who came to take away sin, (which I perceive you are not,) ~~that~~ the whole guilt of your life still remains charged against you in the records of the court of heaven; and you must soon appear before God to answer for it. Though you have been in deaths often, and yet escaped; the time is coming when you must fall before the stroke: wherefore I warn you, as a friend to your eternal interests, to prepare to meet your God. Look to the Lamb of God, as he is represented in the Scriptures, for he alone can take away your guilt.

The soldier seemed to take my counsel in good part, and I retired to my lodgings, as the day was far spent, and the shadows of the evening appeared.

WALK V.

*Conversation about a Candle and Snuffers—
An open Door—Walk in London improved—The Hammer-maker—A Miner—
Show of Wild Beasts.*

WHILE reading in my parlour, very early this morning, a young man called, who I trust is acquainted with divine things. We made the candle on my table the subject of conversation. We considered it a striking image of a christian shining as a light in the world. But without applying the snuffers, said I, the candle could not continue long to burn bright; nor can the snuffers be of any service, unless in the hand of one who can apply them to the proper purpose. Therefore we considered the candle to represent the christian; the snuff in the candle to resemble his dross, or corruptions; the snuffers to be the providences, which, in the hand of God, purify the christian, and render his temper and conduct in life far more luminous before men. This interpretation afforded matter for a long conversation; after which day-

light appearing, the young man put an extinguisher on our candle. Now, said I, you have performed a very significant action. Death is an extinguisher which God puts on the life of man ; then his light goes out, and shines no more here ; but blessed be God, that in a superior world, he causes his people to shine as stars for ever and ever.

When going out, the servant opened the door for us, on which I remarked to my companion, what a happy sight AN OPEN DOOR would be to the poor prisoners in Newgate. How grateful then ought we to be, that we can go out and come in at pleasure. My young friend then assured me, he always walked with reluctance along the streets of London ; for, said he, the bustle and noise have a tendency to dissipate my mind. To which I replied, that many things we saw might remind us of important matters. For example, the river might remind us of the river of life that enriches and enlivens the city or church of God. These streets might lead our meditations to the streets of the New Jerusalem.—These

dials upon the steeples, might remind us of the shortness of time.—The bread in the baker's shop, of the bread of life.—The sun that shines, of the Sun of righteousness.—The multitudes we meet, of the millions around the throne.—The immense variety of countenances, of the infinite wisdom of the Creator.—The lanes, the narrow way that leadeth unto life, &c. Thus, like the bee, we might extract honey from every flower, and find that things which poison others, profit us. My young friend left me, and I began to look about for work.

Observing a man who did not seem to be much in haste, I walked up to him ; and after a little introductory discourse, I learned that his chief employment was to make large HAMMERS. He told me he could make hammers that would break a rock of flint at a very few strokes. I asked him if he thought they could break a rocky hard heart in pieces without killing the man ? He smiled at my question, and inquired if ever I had heard of such hammers. Yes, said I, the hammer of God's word has broken many a rocky heart. Many who

thought they had good hearts, when broken by this hammer, trembled to look at them. Upon saying so, I asked him, if he had ever been uneasy about his heart. He answered that he never had occasion to be uneasy on that subject, for his heart was as honest as any man's in his majesty's dominions. O, my friend, your lips betray your character. I perceive you have never had a stroke from God's hammer. If you die in that state, the stroke of death will be a terrible stroke to you ; and remember, that possibly God may be at this very moment lifting up his hand to lay it on. The man appeared evidently under some alarm, for he asked me what he could do to obtain deliverance. After informing him of God's amazing love to our world, which he has conspicuously manifested in the gift of his Son, I assured him that God commanded him to believe in Jesus for the forgiveness of his sins. After a little more conversation he walked off.

A MINER, or one who digs copper ore from the bowels of the earth, was the next person whom providence put in my way. I asked how long he had been digging in

the mines? He said, upwards of twenty years. I then asked him if he had got rich? No, said he, do you imagine I get all to myself that I dig? Indeed I should soon be a rich man if that were the case. I am paid by the week, sir. I told him that I was acquainted with a mine, containing immense riches, which was free to all, and all they dig is their own. That is the mine for me, said he, tell me where it is, and I will strike work with my present employers to-morrow. I told him that the mine I referred to was the Gospel, or word of God, which contained a pearl of inestimable value for every one who dug, even inexhaustible treasures of wisdom and knowledge, and every needful blessing. Poh! said he, I have heard of that a thousand times. But have you ever searched it for hidden treasures? I have so much digging of copper for my daily bread, that I have little leisure to dig at a book. Ah! friend, you are not wise, for did you know the contents of that divine book, you would prefer it to thousands of gold and silver. It reveals a precious Saviour, and through him

a precious redemption, and in him many great and precious promises. It enriches the soul of every discerning and believing reader. I do not desire you to leave your mine ; the employment is lawful, but cleave also to your bible ; its truths will support your sinking spirits, and make you leap for joy and gladness of heart, even in this miserable world. It will make you happy at home, in the mine, and wherever you are. The man thanked me, and left me in silence. I prayed that God might bless the conversation to his soul.

As the clouds began to shower down some rain, I stepped into a house where WILD BEASTS were kept. I asked one of the keepers if they could tame ferocious animals. Sir, said he, we can tame the wildest beast in the world. I told him that an acquaintance of mine had got a wild, wicked, swearing, lying tongue. Pray, said I, can you tame tongues ? No, said he, do not you recollect what the scripture says, that no man can tame the tongue of another man ; and it is very true. I asked if he ever heard of one who could tame the tongue,

by changing the heart? No, I never did. Do not you think God can do it? Yes, sure, for he is almighty. Well said, for so he is.

The keeper then pointing to a man at a little distance, said, there stands a poor man who is mourning much because he has lost his watch this morning. I wish you would give him some comfort, for I fear it will injure his health. Stepping up to him, I inquired if he had ever mourned as sincerely for the loss of his soul? That matter has never given me much uneasiness; but the loss of my watch is a very serious circumstance to me, for, said he, I must be at work every morning precisely at six o'clock; now, without a watch, tell me how I can manage that? Certainly a watch is of considerable importance to any man, especially to one so circumstanced as you are, but surely for the soul to be shut out from happiness, and shut up in hell for ever, is infinitely more momentous to you than all other concerns. Indeed the salvation of the soul ought to be the first and great concern of life. The Son of God considered it of such importance, that he came into the

world on purpose to save souls: indeed he gave his own soul a ransom for the souls of men; yet many treat his sufferings and death with such contempt, that they are never moved with indignation against the sins of the soul, though these ruin its happiness, and though sin was the cause of the Saviour's sufferings.

I then proposed to the company who were viewing the wild beasts, that we should make contribution to purchase another watch for the poor man. To this they all consented, and upwards of two guineas were collected, with which two of us went and purchased a good second-hand watch, then returning, in the presence of all the company we gave it to the man. His mourning by this means was turned into rejoicing. He expressed great thankfulness to the company, for their unexpected kindness and liberality, after which he retired whistling and singing as he went. The company then declared, that they had derived more satisfaction and pleasure from the incident of the man and his watch, than from seeing all the wild beasts. Thus said I, you ex-

perience the advantages of doing good. Let us all therefore remember and imitate the benign character and conduct of Jesus, who went about continually doing good; and who commands his people to do good unto all.

I then requested the company to take another view of the wild beasts, and I would endeavour to make some useful remarks as we went on. With all my heart, said most of the company: accordingly we proceeded. The following were the principal remarks that occurred:

This house, in some degree, resembles Noah's ark, said I. Only it is not afloat, added a lady; and do you think, said she, that in the ark there were as secure dens for confining the wild beasts as these are? No, said I, I rather suppose that the fierceness of the animals in the ark was suspended by the God of providence; but that after their dismissal, their ferocity returned; and, madam, there are many in the world, possessing much of the nature of devils, who are restrained by the influence of the moral principles which are

diffused throughout the world ; or by regard to reputation ; or by the fear of human and divine punishments ; who, if these restraints were taken off, would become notorious murderers and plunderers. Witness the lives of a Nero, a Domitian, a Caligula, and thousands of others, in modern as well as in ancient times. Indeed every man by nature possesses every kind of wickedness in embryo. Sir, said several of the company, if you go on as you have begun, you will make us out to be a world of wild beasts, and we shall be afraid to trust ourselves amongst each other. I desired them only to step into Newgate and other prisons, and they would find hundreds of their own species as completely secured with bolts and bars as these lions and tigers ; and there is occasion for it ; for were these unhappy creatures all liberated to-night, they would instantly begin to plunder and murder their fellow-creatures.— These men were no worse than others by nature, but perhaps they had no good example, no education, or perhaps they have broken through all restraints, and resolved

to act according to the natural bent of their hearts. As all are naturally fond of sugar when they taste it, so is every man naturally ripe for the commission of any evil when it is presented to him. Hence mankind in general may be compared to so many chained lions and tigers.

It is happy for us that these beasts are confined ; what incalculable mischief might they do, if they were let loose ; but could you change their nature into that of the sheep, or even the dog, or the horse, how much more serviceable would they be ; instead of being confined, they might then be all employed in some way or other for the benefit of the community. It is just so with human nature in its present depraved state. We ought to be thankful for human laws, and even for prisons to secure wicked men, and to prevent them from doing mischief : but were their hearts changed, instead of being thus confined, they might be all employed for the good of their fellow-creatures. This change God is pleased to produce by the Gospel, wherever it is clearly understood and cor-

dially received. How then ought we to pray that it may be known, and its divine influence felt by the whole human race!

WALK VI.

The River Thames—The Pensioner—Various Characters in the streets of London—Man enclosing a Garden.

STANDING by the side of the river Thames this morning, I could not help admiring the immense body of water that was moving past me, and asked myself how long this river had continued to run? At least, (thought I,) from the days of Noah, which is upwards of three thousand years ago. How vain would it be for any one to wait in the hope that all the water should run past, and consequently be able to cross. These things are the work of God in every age.

While thus musing, a man asked me if I wished to cross the river. I told him I had no desire to cross this river Thames, but that I should be glad to cross the river Jordan, in order to reach Immanuel's happy shore. What do you mean? said the boatman. Mean, why, in plain English, I mean, that I should like better to be in heaven than in London, but I know I must first cross the Jordan of death before I can reach it; and I dare not cross that river without a passport from the King of kings. The boatman went off, wishing me a happy voyage; for, he said, he had no inclination yet to sail along with me.

Going along one of the wharfs, I found a man who seemed unemployed. I inquired how he could support himself without working. Said he, I am A PENSIONER. So am I, said I, let us therefore sit down and have a little conversation. Accordingly when we had taken our seat, I inquired whose pensioner he was? He said, his majesty's, in Greenwich Hospital. You had behaved well surely in his majesty's service, before you could obtain such a pen-

sion? Yes, said he, I served his majesty more than thirty years, and was in many hard fought actions; you may believe. But pray, said he, if I may ask, Whose pensioner are you? I replied that I was one of God's pensioners; and had been so from my birth, and though I have often rebelled against him, still he does not strike me off the pension list. How much, (said he in a jocular tone of voice,) does he give you? He gives me a sufficiency of food and raiment from day to day; he gives me air to breathe, a house to dwell in, a bed to sleep on, and many other blessings. I have all these things too, said the old sailor, but I never considered myself obliged to God for them. What! said I, did not God create all things, and does he not regulate all things, and is it not by his providence that any comforts fall to our share? My friend, believe me, it was God who disposed the founders of Greenwich Hospital to commence such an institution; it was he who caused it to succeed; he knew from the beginning all who should partake of its bounty; and he inclined the hearts of the

governors to grant your petition, when you applied for the pension ; and the institution itself would soon be annihilated, if God only willed it. Therefore you may see that God provides for you as well as for me. This appeared strange doctrine to the old pensioner, but he could not deny the truth of it. After a little pause, he broke silence by saying, It is very true, we are all dependent on the Almighty ; he has a large family of us to provide for. Indeed I have often wondered, when I saw a fleet taking in stores, whence such a vast quantity of different articles came from. Yes, said I, and your wonder would be increased, if you saw piled up in one heap, all the provisions consumed by man and beast in London only in one day. Perhaps it would make a mass not much smaller than St. Paul's Cathedral. But could you see all the provisions consumed by the whole world in a day, heaped up together, perhaps they would make a body not smaller than the Isle of Wight ; and all these things were created by God for the support of man. What a blessing also is it, that

all things absolutely necessary for the support of human life, are created near the spot where each man dwells. What a misery would it be, if nothing grew for the support of human life, except in the wilds of Africa, or in the plains of India ! The population of the world would thereby be impeded, and the means of support to distant climes often interrupted. But there is a happy and general distribution of the bounties of Jehovah, for the accommodation and comfort of man. Yet, alas ! men, who are the objects of his goodness, receive his blessings without gratitude, or even acknowledging the kindness of him that feeds them : but the patience of God with ungodly men, will not continue always ; for, like a bear bereaved of her whelps, he will come out of his place to take signal vengeance on his enemies. Wherefore be you, my friend, reconciled unto God ; look to him for mercy through his Son, for he waits to be gracious. Only acknowledge your past iniquity ; for he asks no more atonement for sin than what he has already received from his beloved

Son, in the room of sinners. Look for forgiveness from God as a favour done you only for the sake of his Son Jesus Christ.

Leaving the side of the river, I went into one of the streets which was crowded with passengers. I employed myself a little in observing the different countenances of those who passed. One appeared in deep thought, as if concerting some important scheme for acquiring wealth; another indicated great uneasiness, as if he knew not where he should obtain his next meal; a third came whistling and singing, as if he had just learned that a fortune had been left him; a fourth was void of expression altogether, as if a total stranger to grief or joy, love, anger, or any other passion. The next seemed so swelled with pride and vanity, that I could not behold him without pity. Another came sneaking along, attentively viewing every door, window, cart, carriage, &c. as if only in search of plunder; and the last I shall mention appeared to be taking a last farewell of his native city, ready to embark for some foreign land.

Leaving London, and seeing a man putting up a FENCE ROUND A GARDEN, I asked him if that was his ordinary employment? Yes, said he, I am always securing the gardens of others. But friend, said I, how do you keep the garden of your own heart? do you permit thieves to break in there? do you allow briars and thorns, and poisonous plants to grow there? Are you a methodist? said he, or what are you? What is a methodist? Why, said he, a methodist is a man that makes too much ado about religion. What is religion? tell me that, and then we shall see whether we can make too much ado about it. The man, after a little pause, confessed he was not very well versed in these matters, and begged I would answer the question myself. I told him that religion consisted in believing, fearing, loving, and serving God: the God that made us, who supports us, and who will soon judge us, and assign to us our everlasting state. How then can a man make too much ado about religion? I fear few of us are sufficiently concerned about it. He said, he understood that religious people

were the most unhappy creatures in the world. No doubt, when they disobey their God they are very unhappy ; but when they walk in his fear, they enjoy the comforts of the Holy Ghost, which make them happier than any irreligious man ever was, or can be, while he lives in rebellion against the God that made him.

Are you happy ? said I to the man. How can I be, while toiling like a slave at this kind of work every day, and I see no end to it ? What do you think would make you happy ? Two hundred a year would make me as happy as a prince. Do you imagine that every person is happy who has two hundred a year ? No, indeed I do not ; nay, I have heard of people who have had their thousands at command, who were more miserable than myself. How then are you certain that you should be happy if you had the income you mention ? I do not know, I only suppose I should. Depend upon it, said I, without the friendship of God through Jesus Christ, you cannot be happy in this world or in the world to come ; wherefore your wishes and efforts are vain,

if you are only seeking happiness from things below the sun. The Son of God is the fountain of all felicity ; wherefore, with all thy getting, get acquainted with him, whom to know is eternal life. Adieu, I will not hinder your work any longer.

WALK VII.

Conversation with a Banker—Visit to a School for Deaf and Dumb—To an Engraver and Print-seller—Walk and Conversation in Bunhill-fields—The Grave-Digger.

I INQUIRED of a BANKER, upon what countries he drew bills ? He assured me they could furnish me with bills on most civilized countries. I told him, that heaven was the most civilized country in the universe, and asked him if he had any bills upon that country. He shook his head, and said No. I told him, I was a kind of banker myself, and possessed an amazing

number of promissory notes, given by the King of heaven, and payable by himself; and that these were paid on demand in any country under heaven, whether civilized or barbarous. He begged a sight of one of them : on which I took out the Testament, and pointed to John xvi. 23. where Jesus says, " Whatsoever ye shall ask my Father in my name, he will give it you." This whole book, said I, holding up the bible, is full of such promissory notes ; and when men honour them with their confidence, they bring rich stores of blessings from the heavenly Jerusalem. I advised the banker, if he desired to be rich, to get one of these bill-books ; to keep it in his bosom, and then he would be inferior in riches to none upon earth. When the friends of God are about to prefer a petition to him, which they do regularly every morning and evening at least, they carry along with them a few of these bills, that they may be sure to ask only for things which accord with his will. When at any time they become indisposed to petition their God, they look over their bill-book, which

frequently produces a strong desire to possess more of the heavenly treasure. The banker asked, if the king of heaven was always able and willing to answer all demands made upon him? Perfectly able; for his riches are inexhaustible, and resemble the bread with which Jesus fed the five thousand at one time: the more they eat of it, the more it increased. The treasures even of the bank of England can be calculated, but the believer's bank contains countless treasures. For these reasons, my friend, I would advise you to become a stock-holder of the bank of heaven, where neither moth nor rust can corrupt, nor thieves break through and steal. Almost thou persuadest me to ask for a portion of the loan of heaven, said he. Would to God, friend, that you were not only almost, but altogether persuaded to put up your request. There is a fixed period allotted for receiving petitions; if you continue hesitating and idling till the period ends, no interest in heaven or earth can procure a favourable reception to your petitions after that. Wherefore, hasten to the Lord

while the day of grace continues, for now is the accepted time.

When I had finished my business with the banker, I went to a SCHOOL for DEAF AND DUMB CHILDREN. All was silent; nor did one of them observe me come into the room. I called out with a loud voice, "Whoever of you children come unto me, I will give you a guinea." Not one moved his head or eyes towards me: not one hand was stretched out for my guinea. How much, said I, to the teacher, these children resemble some congregations on the sabbath-day! When they are entreated to receive the forgiveness of sins, and eternal life, through a crucified Saviour; all are deaf to the invitation, all reject the proffered blessings. Some are asleep; others are scheming about worldly things; and others imagine they are not of them who are addressed: and so they retire as poor as when they came.

How long will it be, said I to the teacher, before a child will be able to speak and read tolerably well? A long time; perhaps three or four years; they continue long in the

small and simple words, before they advance to the larger and more intricate. Yes, said I, like many professors of religion, who continue their whole lives tugging at first principles. Indeed, many of these are prejudiced against progress in knowledge. But against what knowledge, said he, are they prejudiced? Against religious knowledge, which consists in acquaintance with the nature, plans, purposes, precepts, and promises of God. O, but these differ from most of my scholars, said he, for they are anxious to acquire more knowledge; but as they have not the faculty of hearing, it is difficult to gratify their desire.—I have sometimes seen them weep, because they could not comprehend what was going forward in their presence. I wish that many, who are neither deaf nor dumb, were so disposed. Alas, said I, how many among us can speak fluently about trifles, but are as dumb as your scholars on divine subjects!

Sir, said I to the teacher, you have no doubt frequently admired the power of Jesus, by which in a moment he opened the

ears of the deaf, and communicated the powers of speech to the dumb, and the knowledge of a language, of which they were previously as ignorant as an infant on the day of its birth. Surely, said he, the power of Jesus was the power of God. Adam and Eve are memorable instances of the same efficacious power; for both of them had a perfect knowledge of language, and possessed all the powers of speech immediately when created.

Leaving the Deaf and Dumb School, I called upon a friend, who introduced me to a gentleman who was a first-rate engraver and PRINT-SELLER.—After some conversation, I said to the gentleman, that I hoped he neither engraved nor sold obscene prints. But I do both, said he, though I do not think it a commendable part of our business; yet we are obliged to do it, or we should lose some of our best customers. But do you seriously consider the poison that you are diffusing amongst our youth? how many persons, whose gray hairs you are instrumental in bringing with sorrow to the grave, through the profligacy of their chil-

dren, first occasioned by your lewd prints? Indeed, Sir, allow me to tell you that I view this part of your trade of so pernicious a tendency, as to think you would be acting according to truth if you painted upon your sign-board, immediately under your name, **MAKER AND SELLER OF NETS FOR THE DEVIL.** You view the matter in a strong light, indeed, said he. Yes, said I, and I am persuaded you will find at the day of judgment that God views it much in the same way. Suppose for a moment the day of judgment come, and the Judge asks why you dealt in pernicious prints. What answer will you be able to give? for you know we must answer to him for the deeds done while in the body, whether good or evil. I waited for his answer; but he paused so long, that I could not help saying,—Yes, in that day every mouth shall be stopped. But suppose you had the boldness to make the same defence to your Judge, that you made to me;—viz. that had you given up your dealing in that article, you would have lost many of your best customers. Would not the Judge reply, what was the loss of a few

pounds per annum to you, when compared to the loss of your own soul, and with the ruin of hundreds of souls, who will charge you with their murder for ever and for ever? "Depart from me then, ye cursed, into everlasting punishment."

Your remarks remind me, said the print-seller, of an incident which happened here several years ago. A venerable looking old man stepped into the shop, and inquired if we sold any poison for souls? We told him, No. But you have such poison, and you shall be reported to my master. So saying he walked out. The shopmen and I looked at each other with astonishment, but none of us could conjecture to what the old man alluded: but I perceive now that his sentiments and yours, upon prints, must have been very similar.

He then stated in his own vindication, that hundreds of people sold the same kind of obnoxious prints. The number of rogues being great, said I, only increases the public danger and alarm, and gives more employment to the hangman. The frequency of robbery and murder does not lessen its

criminality in the eye of the law ; neither will the increase of transgressors avert the wrath of God. The hearts of almost all the inhabitants of the old world were evil, only evil, and that continually ; wherefore God swept them *all* off with the besom of destruction : which was an awful, but righteous display of his indignation against sin.

On leaving the print-seller, I went into BUNHILL-FIELDS burying-ground. Here, said I to a person standing near me, is the depository of the earthly remains of thousands. Here lie the multitudes who used to crowd our streets, who were active in the various pursuits of life, and many of whom were overwhelmed with its cares. Here are numbers who filled our pulpits, and others who composed our congregations. Here the rich and poor meet together. Their bodies are all here, their dust is mixed, but where are their souls ! Some, I trust many, are gone to the glorious regions of immortal bliss ; while others, like the devils, are reserved in chains of darkness to the judgment of the great day. A poor man, at a little distance,

who was listening to my remarks, now came nearer, and said that most of those buried here were dissenters, consequently were religious people, and we might charitably hope that they are all happy. Friend, said I, I suppose you are a dissenter, and expect to be buried here? Yes, said he. Now tell me why you expect to be happy? Do you ever quarrel with your wife at home? Sometimes, said he, but we go to meeting as regularly every Sunday morning as the sun rises. And how do you spend the rest of that day? We get a few friends together, and spend a few hours in harmless conversation over a pot of porter; and in summer we take a little walk into the country in the evening, to refresh our animal spirits, and fit us for the labours of the week. Do you call this, said I, sanctifying the sabbath? Is there any evidence of holiness of mind in such conduct? Is not this the constant practice of thousands of graceless, prayerless, and profane people? Do you think that going once or twice a day to meeting will secure heaven? Remember that a christian is a new creature; is separated in heart and

life from ungodly men ; is given to prayer, reading the word of God, and private meditation ; is praying for, and pressing after, greater likeness to the meek and holy Jesus.

Have you ever been convinced that there is no salvation for you, but through the righteousness of another ? O, said he, our minister always preaches up that ; and though it has offended many, I assure you it has never offended me. I stick close to him yet. That may be, friend ; and yet you may be ignorant of the righteousness of God, and be going about to establish a righteousness of your own. Many *say* they approve of the doctrine, who have never understood it, nor rejoiced to hear that through the redemption of Jesus, there is forgiveness with God for the vilest sinner. Excuse me, said the man, for though I am not much learned in these matters, yet this one thing I can say with our minister, that whereas I was blind, now I see. What do you see ? said I. He could tell me nothing he saw. Now supposing a blind man to receive his sight ; and though he could not

describe with the accuracy of an occultist the operation that effected his cure, yet if he looked up to the sun, he would be able to speak with wonder of its glory; he would have something to say of these clouds, trees, houses, &c. and though he might not be able to speak so intelligibly of them at first, in a few months or years he would acquire greater acquaintance with them. Indeed, if you met that man five years after, and found him speaking as ignorantly about these things as he did the first day he said his eyes were opened, you would begin to suspect whether he had really got his eye-sight yet. I then asked the man how long it was since he thought he was a christian? Upwards of twenty years, said he. Upwards of twenty years! Pray, how long were you in learning your trade? More than seven years, and I am every week learning more about it. Then you have made considerable progress in the knowledge of your business since the day you entered first into it; and why so, but because your heart was in it? you were anxious to make progress. Had you been

only as anxious to increase in the knowledge and practice of the gospel, and listened as attentively to the instructions of Jesus as you did to those who taught you your business, you would have made more proficiency than you appear to have done, if you had really been a child of God at the time you say you professed to be one. Wherefore, give up with all trifling about your soul, and look for mercy and pardon to the Son of God, or I fear you will perish for ever in a delusion.

The man began to be angry, and asked me if I suspected his character, and what charge I could bring against him. I told him, I did suspect before that he was no christian, but now I was more confirmed in my opinion that he was not. However, said I, I hope God will discover to you your error, and convince you that neither a little form, nor a great form of godliness can procure heaven, but that the blood of the blessed Jesus alone can.

Walking a little forward, we came to an old MAN who was DIGGING A GRAVE, with as great unconcern as if it had only been

intended for a cat. Why are you digging that hole? What a question, said the man, to ask in a burying-ground! what else can it be than a grave? You were so merry, that a stranger might almost suppose it was meant for a dog or a cat. No, said he, we bury none of them here; but is not every man glad when he gets business? digging graves is my business, and I am glad, to be sure, when I get one to dig: and so would you, were you a grave-digger. I think, friend, it is but suitable that men should be serious while digging graves; and not only so, but it should remind you, that soon some man will be digging a grave for you, and you should think seriously where your soul will be then. I might be thinking, said he, for ever on these things, if I should always think of them while at work. And do you think you would be the worse for it? It might lead you to seek happiness beyond the grave, for you must die and appear before God. On this he turned his back towards me, and would listen to nothing more.

WALK VIII.

Second visit to Bunhill-fields—The Grave Digger—The disconsolate Father—The little Boy—Inscriptions on Tombs—An Ass—The Letter Carrier.

AFTER breakfast, I went out to take my walk for usefulness, with increased determination to be zealous and faithful. I immediately repaired again to Bunhill-fields burying ground, where I found the old grave-digger busy at work. O, said he, friend, I am glad to see you here again, for I have thought more about my own death since last night, than in all the former part of my life. I asked him, what he had thought about it? Indeed, said he, I have too much cause to fear the worst, for I have been a stupid, hardened, sinful creature; and I fear my maker will never receive such an old gray-headed sinner as I. Do you think he will? I told him, it was indeed shockingly wicked to spend any part of life in carelessness about the things of God; but still more so, to live in that re-

bellion till gray hairs announced a speedy departure from time to eternity. But since God has an infinite regard to the perfect obedience which his Son in our nature rendered unto him, he is ready even to forgive you, if you renounce all your evil works and all your supposed good works, and look to him alone for pardon, and merely on the ground of the mediation of Christ. He glorifies the riches of his grace in such cases. Indeed Jesus expressly says, "Him that cometh to me, I will in no wise cast out: for I came down from heaven, not to do mine own will, but the will of him that sent me." God, having taken vengeance upon his son for sin, proclaims a free and full pardon to the guilty and the rebellious. The man, upon hearing this, threw aside his spade, and with uplifted hands looking to me from the grave, said, These words encourage me to hope in God—this is what I want—I am quite overpowered with Jehovah's goodness, with the condescension and love of his Son. Upon saying so, he called to another old man, who was digging an infant's grave, at a little distance :

he beckoned to him to come near. When he came, he inquired what was the matter, if there was any thing wrong about the grave. He replied, This person has been telling me of a Saviour ; and brother Tom, you need him too, for you and I have been companions in iniquity for many a long year—it is time you and I were thinking of other matters. This was the first sermon I ever heard delivered from a grave ; for little more than the man's head was visible while speaking, and the sermon came from the heart, accompanied with many tears. The man to whom he addressed himself was astonished, and hastily ran off with, I hope, an arrow in his heart.

After having a little more conversation with the old man, I passed on to a person who was weeping over a grave. I suppose that grave contains a deceased friend of yours ? Yes ; my only son ; he was a great comfort to me, and was about succeeding me in my business, from which I intended in a very short time to retire, and enjoy my old age in the country ; but my dear lad was seized with a fever, which

cut him off in a few days. Do you think, sir, said I, that he died in the Lord? I hope, said he, that he died happy; for from a child he was remarkably obedient to his parents, and very attentive to business, and many a pound did he give to the poor. These, said I, are all good things, and must have given much pleasure to you and his mother, and must likewise make the trial more painful to both. But had he any knowledge, love, and fear of God? I cannot answer you as to that matter, yet I hope he had. Upon saying so, the gentleman wept much. Did you never, as his parent, converse seriously with him about the salvation of his soul? Did you never tell him that he was a depraved, ruined creature, in consequence of his connexion with fallen Adam? No, indeed, I never did. If his soul be ruined, depend upon it, said I, he will upbraid you as the cause of it, when you meet together at the tribunal of God. You weep for the loss you have sustained by his death, which I confess is a great loss to you; but you have far more reason to weep for the injustice and injury you did

him when living. May God grant you repentance unto life. What you say, sir, wounds my feelings: I remember my faults this day. I designed to make you feel, said I, and to bring home to your conscience a conviction of your sin, that you might be impelled to look for mercy to a merciful God, who is revealed to you as such in Jesus Christ.

I then inquired, if he had any more children. He said he had three daughters at home, and one married to a gentleman who lived in the same street. I then requested him to go home, and search the scriptures for the hidden wisdom they contain; and what God taught him by means of these scriptures, to tell it immediately to his surviving children, lest any of them, like their brother, should be hurried away to eternity in their ignorance. He said he would attend to my advice, and he walked away with considerable concern.

I next went towards a CHARITY BOY, who carried a hymn-book under his arm. I asked him where he had been with his hymn-book. He said at church, hearing a charity

sermon for the benefit of his school. I inquired what text the minister preached from. He assured me he had entirely forgot it. I then asked him, if he recollected what he had for breakfast that morning. O yes, said he, I had bread and butter and coffee. What had you yesterday for dinner? Pudding, sir. How well you remember these matters, but what a pity you should so soon forget the word of God.

You must remember your Creator in the days of your youth; and remember too, that young people die. Indeed, that very grave on which you stand is a proof of it; for look at the tomb-stone, and you will find that the boy who is under your feet, was only eight years of age when he died.

An old woman was passing, to whom I observed, that this place would be a wonderful place in the morning of the resurrection, when the thousands whose dust is deposited here should spring above ground in the twinkling of an eye; some rising to enjoy everlasting life, and others to endure everlasting contempt. O yes, said she, that will be a dreadful morning to many, and

may we all be prepared for it. On saying so she walked on.

THE INSCRIPTION UPON A TOMB STONE informed me, that the person beneath had been remarkable for benevolence and various virtues. One who was reading the inscription at the same time, told me he had been acquainted with the gentleman to whom it referred; he considered him a good sort of a man; but, said he, he was a sad swearing fellow. How can a swearer be a good sort of man? His blaspheming and irreverent swearing demonstrates that his heart is full of every abomination; he is daily offending the ears of the pious, and exhibiting a mischievous example to all around, especially to his own family. The memory of such a man ought to rot with his body; and such inscriptions as these are impositions on the public. If his friends were determined to say something concerning him, they should have lamented that the person under the stone had, in his life time, been a notorious swearer, and that he had laughed at reproof. They should then have warned others not to fol-

low his example, lest, like him, they should die in their sins. For the man told me he had uttered an awful oath a short time before he expired.

I then viewed the tombs of many valuable and well known characters, over some of whom were very appropriate and striking inscriptions; some as if the person under ground addressed the passenger. If I may judge from my own feelings when perusing them, I think these are calculated to make a powerful impression; and who knows but many have been converted to God by means of a supposed speech from a dead man. To hear of this in heaven, would afford great pleasure to his living soul.

An Ass came running into the burying ground. Now, said I to the little boy, who still followed me, what does that creature remind you of? Does it not remind you of Jesus riding into Jerusalem on one of these animals, and of the Jewish children crying out, Hosannah to the Son of David? Was it not wonderful that he who supported the pillars of heaven and earth, should con-

descend to be supported by an ass? He humbled himself, that we might be raised to the highest honour.

On coming from the burying ground, a LETTER CARRIER passed me. I followed him, and began a conversation by saying, that his employment was a very solemn and important one. How so? said he. Perhaps, at this time, you are carrying tidings to a family of the death of him on whom they all depended for support; to a mother, that her only child has been drowned: to a merchant, that his richly laden ship has foundered at sea. Perhaps you are carrying to a profligate youth, that which God shall bless to his everlasting salvation: and perhaps you are to inform another, that he has become heir to a large estate, which the devil will use to effect his eternal ruin. Perhaps you are to inform another, that a friend has arrived from abroad, whom he has been longing to see for many years. Wherefore you should deliver your letters with an awe upon your mind. Then I inquired, if he had ever had any letters from an ambassador of the King of heaven? He answer-

ed, No. Have you a new testament? No, I have neither new nor old. There is one for you, said I, handing him a new testament.—Thank you, said he.—Now read the letters which that book contains, for they are all intended for your admonition and instruction. He then went away; and I walked home, much gratified by the various occurrences, especially by the change in the old grave-digger.



WALK IX.

*House on fire—The Recruiting Sergeant—
The Trumpeter—Waiting Servant to the
King—Westminster Scholar.*

HAVING heard that a friend's HOUSE had been ON FIRE during the night, I called on him in the morning to inquire after his welfare; when he invited me to join in prayer and thanksgiving with his family for their wonderful preservation during the fire and the confusion it occasioned. We began by singing a suitable hymn, then read an ap-

appropriate portion of Scripture, and prayed to our heavenly Father.—After which I made a few remarks to the following effect:

Should a man, said I, go into the street, and call fire! fire! when there was no fire, he would be apprehended, put in jail, and punished for disturbing the public peace. The apostles went into heathen cities, and called upon the inhabitants to flee from the wrath to come; wherefore they seized the apostles, and punished them as persons who turned the world upside down. But knowing the danger was certain, the apostles were not deterred by persecution from executing their commission: they continued to their last breath to proclaim the truth. Thus were they faithful unto death, and obtained the crown of life.

Leaving my friend's house and pursuing my walk, I met a RECRUITING SERGEANT, who was endeavouring to persuade some young men to enlist into his Majesty's service. He told them how many yellow guineas they should receive immediately on entering; likewise that they should be pre-

sented with a handsome suit of clothes, that they should live without work, and yet be in a way to become rich; also, when they were unfit for the service, they should retire on a pension. He was successful in his attempt, for he had no sooner ended his address, than three of the young men stretched out their hands to receive the proffered money: after which, the recruiting party, with their new associates, walked towards the west end of the town. I followed them at a little distance, to watch a proper opportunity to converse with the sergeant. Near Charing Cross such an opportunity occurred, for he dropped a little to the rear; upon which I made up to him, and began a conversation by remarking, that he and I nearly resembled each other in our occupations. What! said he, are you on the recruiting service? Yes. For what corps? For the royal holy corps. In all my life I never heard of such a regiment;—pray, said he, where are they quartered now? I told him they were scattered abroad over great part of the earth, but their head quarters were in heaven: (by this time we

had reached St. James's Park.) Upon my word, said the sergeant, you are an odd fellow. He then called upon his comrades to draw near and hear our conversation. When they came near, he told them there was a man recruiting for the royal holy corps, whose head quarters were in heaven. On hearing this they all laughed immoderately, and expected great sport, for they concluded I was deranged. The new recruits came all around me, asking what my master would give them if they enlisted. I said they should receive inexhaustible riches, a royal robe, and eternal life, that they should not have to watch and protect the king, but the king would watch and protect them; that after arriving at the head quarters, they should never be sent into a foreign country, but should remain at rest in the palace, feasting for ever with the king and his nobles. Will you make good your word, said they all, if we enlist? I assured them, I would produce his majesty's warrant for all I said. I then pulled out my bible, saying, here is my warrant from the King of kings: and preached to them Je-

sus and the resurrection, without a parable. I perceived that in a short time they began to think I was not deranged, for they listened attentively, and walked off very quietly.

I then went to a soldier who was standing under one of the trees, and who was curiously dressed.—I asked what office in the army he filled. O, said he, I am a TRUMPETER. So am I, replied I. Where's your trumpet? said he, in jest. I told him, I carried it in my pocket. Let me see it then. I told him, he was not accustomed to my trumpet; and I was pretty certain he could not blow it, for none can do that till they are acquainted with its internal structure: but as I had a spare one, I would give it him to practise upon at home. Upon saying so, I presented him with a bible, to his no small astonishment, for he expected to see a trumpet of a new construction. The circumstance has so amused me, said he, that I shall most certainly read this bible, though in fact, I never read one before. Well, said I, friend, you will find there the sound of peace and war, and I hope the sound will reach your heart; it

will tell you also of a trumpet that shall be sounded, on the sound of which, all the dead shall be immediately raised, and brought before God to receive their final sentence ; and you must be there, and your forefathers since the days of Adam. I had no idea, said he, when I came from the Horse guards, that I should meet a man of your cast. Nothing, said I, happens by chance ; it was the providence of God that brought you into my way, or me into yours, and I hope our meeting will be productive of much good. So we parted, perhaps never to meet again till the last day.

The next man I conversed with, said he was a WAITING SERVANT TO HIS MAJESTY. I told him that I waited daily upon the king too. Not king George, surely ! No, king Jesus. You cannot mount up to heaven every morning, can you ? for Jesus is in heaven, said he. He is also on earth, said I, and speaks to his servants by means of his word, and they speak to him in their prayers and praises. All his servants receive abundant wages every day : he blesses them with his presence and rich conso-

lations, and tells them of the glories he designs to give them when they come to his heavenly kingdom. This encourages them to be active, zealous, and faithful in his service while on earth, and enables them not only to meet death with submission and composure, but frequently with joy and triumph.

A BOY BELONGING TO WESTMINSTER-SCHOOL, who stood opposite to the Queen's palace, with a book in his hand, was the next with whom I conversed. I inquired, in a familiar way, the name of the book which he carried. He said, it was the Grecian History. I asked, if he remembered any thing in it which he had lately read? Yes, said he, I have been reading about Demosthenes, the great Athenian orator, who was a very bad speaker when a young man, for his tongue was too big for his mouth, but by his rigid and persevering application he overcame all his defects and bad habits. By what means did he overcome these obstacles to his success? O, said he, he went to the sea shore when he meant to practise declaiming, and put pebbles into

his mouth when he spoke, in order to render his tongue less flexible. He had also an awkward custom of shrugging up his shoulders ; to cure which, he suspended a drawn sword in his chamber, at such a height that when he practised his orations it might prick his shoulders when he put them up. By these means he became one of the greatest orators the world ever produced. I then asked, if he recollected how Demosthenes died. Yes, said he, he murdered himself by taking poison, which he kept in a quill ; and he did this lest he should fall into the hands of Antipater, the successor of Alexander, by whom he expected to be cruelly treated.

I applauded the young man for the attention which he evidently gave to what he read. He told me, that he was not only reading the Grecian history, but was also learning the Greek language. I advised him assiduously to prosecute that important study, for God had more highly honoured that language than any other, except the Hebrew, by giving the revelation of his

will to man in the New Testament in that language.

I then inquired if he remembered the name of the great Athenian legislator. O yes, said he, all the world knows Solon; and surely the Athenians were much obliged to him for setting aside the bloody laws of Draco. By the way, said I, do you recollect the strange manner of Draco's death? Yes, he fled from Athens to the island Ægina, where he was received with the greatest respect: but their kindness killed him; for coming one day into their theatre, the audience, to show their regard to him, as was their custom, threw their bonnets and cloaks upon him, and the number of these was so great, that they stifled the old man, being too weak to disengage himself from the load which their inconsiderate kindness cast upon him. Death at this time must have been unexpected to all, and perhaps to none more so than to Draco. This should lead us to watch daily, lest the messenger of death should come, not only in an hour when we are not looking for him; but in a way as unexpected.

Do you remember who was the great Jewish legislator? He thought a little, and then answered, Moses. I told him, that Moses received the laws from God upon Mount Sinai, which he delivered to Israel in the wilderness; and that transgressing them was disobedience against God; and it was not improbable that such a man as Solon must have seen them, and borrowed from them some of his wisest institutions: I then asked, if he remembered Xerxes, the Persian emperor, invading Greece with an army consisting of three millions? Yes, I do, said he; and when he came to the straits of Thermopylæ, in order to enter Greece, he was opposed successfully, first by four thousand Greeks, and afterwards by three hundred Spartans, with king Leonidas at their head.

I then thanked him for his discreet answers, made him a present of an excellent book, and bade him good day; after which I retired to my lodgings.

WALK X.

*The Looking-glass—The Cobbler—The
Earthen-ware Shop—The Apple-tree—
Stage-coach Passengers.*

THE streets being wet and dirty in the morning, the people were all walking with caution, lest their clothes should be splashed with the dirt. This reminded me of the apostle's admonition, to walk circumspectly, not as fools. When I stated this reflection to a friend who was with me, he asked why the apostle gave such a caution to christians? I answered, because we live in a polluted and polluting world. Many things that meet the eye and the ear will pollute the mind, if we are not guarded against them. Indeed, sometimes, more damage is done to the soul in an unguarded hour, than is repaired for many weeks or months. Whatever unfits for spontaneous holy meditation, and mars our love to closet devotion, does hurt to our souls: for to do the will of God should be as pleasant to us, as to eat when hungry, or to drink

when thirsty. Now, if I at any time hear or view sin with indifference, my soul will suffer injury.

A man came forward, who asked me to purchase a LOOKING-GLASS. I told him, I had a much better one in my pocket. He said, that was impossible, and desired I would only try his, for he was confident it would give a most distinct representation of every face viewed in it. But my mirror shows me my heart, said I. The man said he had never heard of heart mirrors, and should be glad to see mine. I asked him if he would like to see his heart? Yes, said he, if I can see it without being dissected, and without pain. I assured him, it would give him pain to see his heart, for it would appear more like the heart of a monster than of a man. But will the sight give pain to my body? None, said I. O then let me see it, for I am not afraid to view its ugliness. If you will look frequently into my mirror, said I, you shall have one for your own use at home. He promised he would. On which I presented him with a copy of the Word of God,

which I assured him, would discover monsters in his heart he had neither seen nor known before. The man put the bible into his basket, and walked off, rather disappointed—However I hope he will read it, and perhaps it may prove a great blessing to him.

I stopped a few minutes at a COBBLER'S STALL. He asked me what I wanted? You do not make shoes, I believe. No, said he, but I mend plenty of old ones, and so I make bad shoes good ones. Can you mend a bad heart? No, said he, God does not engage to do that: he promises to give a new heart, but does not engage to mend the old one. But does not God command men to make for themselves *new hearts*? Ezek. xiii. 31. Yes, sir, but did we ever read of any man who accomplished the work? I believe not said he; and if you read a little further in the book of Ezekiel in the 36th chapter, and I think in the 26th verse, you will find God promising to *give* them a new heart, which I strongly suspect intimates that none of them had been successful at heart-making. I was a little surprised at

the shrewd remarks of the honest cobbler, and asked him if he was a member of any christian church. O yes, said he, I am a member of a church that meets in Peace-lane, under the care of Mr. Scripture ; and I desire to grow in grace, and in the knowledge of our Lord Jesus Christ. There is his book, (pointing to a bible in the corner,) and I should not think my stall comfortable, if I had not that book constantly with me in it.

Are you not unhappy, said I, that you are not a master shoe-maker, and that you have not a large shop, an elegant house, and plenty of money ? No, said he, I am just what and where God in his providence would have me to be. I am contented with his will, and I rejoice daily in the hope of perfect bliss beyond the grave. I have no care, sir ; the people bring me their work ; they are pleased with it when done ; they pay me for it, and that provides for my family from day to day ; and I have something to spare for my poor neighbours. Then you have no money in the funds. No, but I have the promise of

every needful blessing from my God, and that is fund enough. O said I, friend, you are a rich man; and you will get richer every day, if you are enabled to persevere in your present state of mind. Yes, I shall, said he, for godliness with contentment is great gain; and I know that such as hasten by all means to be rich, pierce themselves through with many sorrows: for the sorrow of the world worketh death.

The cobbler's neighbour sold CROCKERY WARE. I asked him, what all these were made of? He said, of earth. So are you and I, and all those people walking along the street; and what is very humbling, we must all become dead earth again; and when our earth is mixed together, the earth that composed the body of the richest nobleman, or most delicate lady, will not be distinguishable from that of the poorest beggar: but there will be a mighty difference immediately after death between the souls of the righteous and the wicked; more so than between your coarsest vessel and the finest china.

When any of these vessels are broken,

can you make them over again? said I. O no, said he, they are perfectly useless, they cannot be made again. Not so, said I, with the bodies of men; for in the morning of the resurrection God shall collect the particles of which each body was composed, and make the body of every man again, never more to moulder in the grave. Some of these shall be made fit to enjoy the boundless glories of Jehovah for ever in heaven; and others rendered capable of enduring without annihilation, the endless agonies and miseries of perdition. Wherefore if you are wise, you will betake yourself instantly to the atoning blood, shed upon Mount Calvary for the sins of men, without the shedding of which there could have been no remission.

Walking along, I observed a person standing on the plot of ground before his house, carefully examining a tree which stood in the middle. Pray, said I, what kind of a tree is that? He said, AN APPLE-TREE. Does it bear any thing? No, said he, and for that reason I am resolving to cut it down. You remind me, sir, said I,

that this world is a garden of God's ; that he has put men into it, as trees, to bear fruits of righteousness : he is daily inspecting us, as you were that tree, to see if we are bringing forth fruit ; if we continue unfruitful, or are only producing what is noxious, we are on the point of being condemned, like that tree at which you are looking. I have been thinking to cut that tree down, said he, every year these ten years, but spared it from time to time, in the hope that perhaps next year it might bear : but it has now exhausted my patience, and I am determined to cut it down, and put another in its room. Take care, said I, lest God be speaking in the same manner concerning you. I see he has spared you more than ten or twenty years, and perhaps you have brought forth no more fruit to the praise of his glory, than that barren tree of which you have been speaking has produced of apples to you. If so, admire his patience, praise him for his goodness, repent of your barrenness, look to him for fruitfulness. The man seemed surprised at my address, but he made no re-

marks ; of course I went to look out for work elsewhere.

I stepped into an inn to take a little refreshment, and likewise to see if any good could be done there. I had only been a short time in the public room, when a COACH full of PASSENGERS arrived. They had been travelling all night, and were as hungry as hawks. They were no sooner out of the coach, than they rushed into the room where I sat, unanimously and earnestly calling out for something to eat. O, said I, gentlemen, I wish I were as hungry and as earnest for the bread of life, as you are for dinner. But what, said one, if you had nothing to eat, like us ? No danger of that, said I, for there is always abundance ready for eating in my father's house. Where is your father's house ? said another gentleman. I pointed upwards, thereby signifying that heaven was my father's house. A large piece of roast meat coming in, prevented further conversation for a time. Having obtained liberty, I sat down to dinner with them.

After a busy half hour in handling the

knife and fork, they began to break silence, by congratulating each other on so happy a termination of their long journey. I remarked, that they had not reached the end of their journey yet. They all asserted they had... Give me leave, gentlemen, said I, to observe, that human life is a journey to the eternal country, and every day is a stage of that journey. When a person is travelling by himself, he is always anxious to know if he is in the right road: now, like these, we should be constantly examining if we are in the road that leads to the heavenly Jerusalem. There are many ways to London from the country, but only one way to heaven, and that is by Jesus Christ. O, said one, we are all young; we shall have leisure to think of these gloomy subjects before we become gray-headed. But no man can say what may happen to him before evening; we ought to be always ready to depart from time. You passed over Henley bridge in your way to town, did you not? Yes, yes, said they all. Well, suppose that bridge had broken down while you were on it, and you had all pe-

rished in its ruins, or in the river, where would your souls have been now? Think of that, I do not ask you to answer me.

One of the company remarked he had had no sleep for two nights. That reminds me, said I, friends, that there will be no sleep in the place of misery. Why are men sent there? said the youngest in the company. Because, said I, men will not believe in the name of the only begotten Son of God. What is the harm of that? Does unbelief do any injury to God? Yes, sir, it is disobeying his commandment; despising his love; rejecting the only Saviour; murdering the soul: so that if we believe not, we shall die in our sins, and the wrath of God will abide on us for ever. It is very probable this company will never meet again, till the heavens and the earth be no more: from love to you I would therefore recommend daily searching of the word of God, which contains all necessary information respecting God and the interests of the soul of man. Having paid the bill, we all dispersed in different directions.

WALK XI.

High wind—The Black Servant—The Prison—Deputation from Society for relieving Small Debtors, &c. &c.

THE WIND having been remarkably boisterous during the night, the street appeared in the morning covered with pieces of bricks, tiles, &c. I observed at breakfast, to my friends, the great goodness of God in keeping the wind comparatively moderate; for had he chosen, he could have given it a thousand times more force; and had he done so, there would not have been one building remaining in the whole city: all would have been a heap of ruins, or scattered abroad over all the country; and perhaps not one inhabitant left to deplore the devastation. So that mankind are every moment the monuments of divine mercy, and the living ought to praise him.

After leaving home, I soon got into conversation with a BLACK SERVANT, who told me he was taken from Africa when a boy; was carried to the West-Indies in a slave ship; sold as a slave to a good master, who

brought him over to this country, where he obtained his liberty. I asked him if he had got acquainted with the true God, since he came among white people. He said, he had heard of him, but did not know much concerning him; for few had ever taken the trouble to instruct him. However, said he, it does not appear to be of much importance whether I know him or not; for all those whom I meet with who say they know him, do not regard his commands. Indeed, the best people I have yet seen, only worship him once a week. But, said I, these people who only profess to worship God once a week, are not Christians; for Christians worship God daily, in their closets, and with their families.

I then told him of the creation of the world, and of man; of his first estate; then of his fall through the influence of the tempter; of the promise of a deliverer; of his arrival in our world; who he was; the manner of his life; his doctrines and miracles; the manner and design of his death; of his resurrection, ascension, intercession, and second coming. On each of these to-

pics I enlarged, and endeavoured to convince him of their importance, and their blessed influence on the mind of man when understood and believed; and the awful consequence of not believing them, after hearing them once faithfully stated.

He told me he could not read. I advised him to put himself to school immediately, and to pursue after knowledge with the utmost avidity; for his time on earth might be but short. The man left me, in appearance fully determined to go to school directly, principally with a view of being able to read the word of God.

A PRISON at a little distance next attracted my attention. I went into it on the debtors' side first. Many strong doors, locks, and bolts were opened, before I reached the prisoners. These were all confined for debts which they were unable to pay. I took one man aside, and asked him how much he owed his creditors. He said, upwards of three hundred pounds; and though I have offered them my all, they will not consent to my liberation; and, added he, every day I continue here my debt

is increasing, by the accumulation of the prison dues.

Your case, I said, reminds me of the debt we owe to God. What debt can we owe to God? said he. Every sin we commit dishonours God; we therefore owe him reparation or satisfaction: this we cannot give; our not repeating the sin cannot pay the old debt; as little can our being sorry for the debt procure its discharge; and such as die in debt to God, shall be cast into the prison of hell, where their debt will continue increasing for ever and ever; for the wicked will not cease to sin there, notwithstanding all their sufferings. I suppose you have some hope of being liberated from this prison? Yes, said he, but the period is very distant. However distant, said I, your case differs widely from that of God's prisoners; for from that prison there is no redemption. You said that no man can ever pay his debt to God, said the debtor, either here by repentance, or hereafter by his suffering:—is every man then lost for ever? No, friend; the Son of God came from heaven to pay

WALK XI. Society for relieving small Debtors.

the sinner's debt ; he took it upon himself, and having died for our guilt, God discharged the debt of all who should believe in him. After the resurrection and ascension of Jesus to heaven, messengers were sent into all the world to proclaim forgiveness of sins through the sufferings of the Saviour, to every creature who should believe in him. All who considered the message to be from God, most heartily received the joyful tidings, blessed and praised him who died for their sins, and professed themselves willing to do or suffer anything for the glory of his great name. If you were now to believe in Jesus as having magnified the law by his obedience, and made atonement for sin by his suffering unto death, you would with a joyful countenance tell your fellow-prisoners, that your great debt was paid, for your sins were pardoned ; that you were now the Lord's free man ; and likewise, that you trusted in him to enable you, in some way, honourably to remunerate all your earthly creditors.

Just at this time there came into the prison a deputation from a SOCIETY FOR

RELIEVING SMALL DEBTORS. They were soon surrounded with applicants, soliciting them to pay their debts, for the sums (they said) were not great, that they had been long in prison, had large families dependent on them, and that they would beware of ever getting into debt again. On beholding this scene, I could not refrain saying, O that you were as conscious of the debts you owe to God, and as anxious to have them cancelled ! I then assured them, that Jesus was willing and waiting to pay all their debts, great as well as small ; and that whosoever came unto him for this purpose, he would in no wise send away without answering all their demands.

It was pleasant to observe the joy and gratitude expressed by some, whom the gentlemen had relieved ; they seemed as if they had been brought into a new world. They extolled the friendship and kindness of the deputation, and praised the munificence of those who had raised the funds by which they had been relieved. O, said one, I shall see my little family in an hour, and we shall all rejoice together. I viewed them as pictures of pardoned sinners.

The gentlemen, for want of funds, were obliged to reject many applications, but they did it with much feeling and regret, which they suitably and affectingly expressed to the unsuccessful applicants. These I observed to retire with sorrowful hearts, in consequence of this expected means of liberation having failed: I went up to them, and assured them, that Jesus was waiting to deliver them from the enormous debt they owed to God—that he possessed an infinite fulness of merit, and of every blessing, so that none could apply to him in vain. Also I desired them to notice, that those whose debts were paid by the deputation, had no money given to them when liberated. No, said I, these men were poor when they came into prison, and they are poor still; but when Jesus procures the forgiveness of debt, and the discharge of the prisoner, he puts him in possession of durable riches. The same Lord over all is rich unto all that call upon him.

I went next to the FELON-SIDE of the prison, where my ears were constantly

grated by the rattling of chains in every direction. Here were rioters, thieves, murderers, &c.

I conversed with some who were waiting their trial. Most of them asserted their innocence, and expressed hope of getting free when their cause came into court. I told these, that they were to undergo a second trial. Upon hearing this, they were startled, and inquired from whom I had the information. I told them, I had it from God; that we must all appear before the judgment-seat of Christ, to answer for the deeds done in the body, whether they have been good or evil; and assured them, that though a thousandth part of our guilt might never be made evident before a human tribunal, yet all things were naked and open to the eyes of that God with whom we have to do. I begged them to think seriously how it would go with them on that decisive day—whether they would then plead innocent or guilty; whether the judge would be their friend or their enemy. I entreated them to ask mercy now, while Jesus filled the throne of grace; for if they

lost the present opportunity, they might afterwards for ever sue for mercy, but in vain. I then presented them with a Bible, telling them it contained good news to the guilty and rebellious sons of men, revealing a fountain where sinners might be washed from every stain, and rendered meet for glorifying and enjoying God, here, and in the regions of immortality.

I then walked to the CALLS of those who were under sentence of death. One would expect to meet there, with men weeping and trembling in the prospect of dying in a few days, and not only leaving all things here below, but also entering upon a new and eternal state. Instead of concern and inquiry, I found in most of the prisoners, a careless, desperate indifference to what should befall them. O friends, said I, I am sorry to see you under the influence of stupidity and insensibility to the awful importance of your present circumstances. Are you indifferent whether your souls are to be miserable or happy during an endless eternity? Is it nothing to you to be ignorant of the God that made you? of the

compassionate Redeemer, who died for the ungodly, through whom alone you can obtain mercy? Do you think God was not a witness of all your past conduct? Do you not know that he searches the heart of man? Then I repeated to them many of the commandments of God, requesting them to consider, whether they had broken any, or all of them, and declaring from the scripture, that if they had offended in one point, or had broken only one of the commandments, they would be proceeded against in the same way as if they had broken all of them. This may be explained by things with which you are acquainted; for example, said I, the man who is guilty of murder, or robbery, or forgery, or treason, &c. by the law of England, forfeits his life; he suffers death, if but guilty of one of these crimes, the same as if he had committed them all. In like manner, breaking the law of God, in one point, exposes a man to the loss of eternal life, and to the enduring of everlasting punishment, equally, with his having broken all the commandments in the law. Without faith in the

blood of Jesus, we can no more obtain the forgiveness of one sin, than we can of a thousand ; indeed the blood of Jesus, if trusted in, will obtain pardon of all our sins, though more in number than the hairs upon our heads, or the particles of sand on the sea shore. If you acknowledge your iniquities to God, and ask their forgiveness for his Son's sake, he will frankly forgive you all your trespasses, for he is rich in mercy for his great name's sake. Is not this a salvation adapted to your condition ?—You cannot repair the damage you have done to society by your crimes ; you are unable to do any thing that can atone to God for your forgetfulness of him, your disregard to his admonitions, your rebellions against his holy laws ; but he has graciously provided an atonement for your sins, with which you are encouraged to come to him and to plead it. O the riches of divine grace, goodness, and mercy ! it surpasses all conception. May these darkened understandings of yours be opened, to know the things that belong to your peace, before they are forever hid from your eyes ; and may these

WALK XII. Conversation at Breakfast.

tongues of yours be loosed, to praise and publish the wonderful acts of the Lord.

I thought the truth I had declared, made some impression on their hearts, for tears appeared in several eyes. The dinner was now brought forward, consequently, after leaving a couple of bibles, I departed, promising to return soon.

WALK XII.

Conversation at Breakfast—The Smith's Shop—A Funeral—Sheep going to the Slaughter-house—Peace proclaimed.

WHILE at breakfast, we were talking of many things which we supposed might have happened during the preceding night. It was asked of all round the table what they supposed to have happened. One said, perhaps there are thousands who have not slept five minutes since sun-set, in consequence of pain of body or uneasiness of mind. Another remarked, that probably some who went to bed in perfect health were at mid-night hastily called to appear before their Judge. While they slept,

literally, the cry was, Behold the bridegroom cometh, go ye out to meet him. Others were greatly alarmed by robbers rushing into their houses, and plundering them of their property. Some called from a sound sleep to witness the solemn departure of a dear friend. Another, perhaps, had all his property consumed by fire, and hardly escaped with life. Others were shipwrecked on an inhospitable shore—others were in a vessel that foundered in the middle of the mighty ocean, and were all swallowed up in a watery grave—others having escaped destruction, by means of their vessel weathering the storm, considered themselves in jeopardy during the whole night, and are now congratulating each other on their preservation. These and many other remarks tended to solemnize all our minds, and to render us grateful to the wise disposer of all things, who had protected us from these, or similar calamities.

At a little distance from home, I came to a SMITH'S SHOP, where the men were all busy in beating iron into various shapes, to

answer various purposes. On stepping in, I remarked that iron was a hard metal. We know that by experience, said the workmen, though the fire helps us, by softening it considerably. I replied, that I knew nothing harder than a hardened sinner, yet the furnace of affliction sometimes so melts him down, as disposes him to listen to the instructions of God—this was often made manifest, said I, in the history of the Israelites in the wilderness, for they were a stiff-necked and rebellious race, but when God visited their iniquities with his judgments, then they attended to his commandments.

I asked what some articles were which I saw hanging in a corner. These are hand-cuffs, said one of the men; they are intended to prevent prisoners from making their escape, or doing mischief. If all, said I, who commit crimes against God, were hand-cuffed, how many in London would be without them? Indeed, said one, I fear few in that case would be free from them—we should see most of our ladies and gentlemen, as well as our poor, wearing them.

Must not God then be very merciful, that he does not affix some mark of ignominy upon all who offend him? For instance, that he does not deprive the sweater of the faculty of speech; the drunkard of his reason; the lustful of his eyes, and the quarrelsome of his hands, in order to deter others from committing the same crimes.

As I walked along, I met a FUNERAL proceeding with solemn step. I said to a man who stood gazing at it—Friend, if you go to heaven you will never see such a sight there; and can you tell me why? Because, said he, I suppose people do not die there. We do not bury living people in this world, but only such as are dead. True, said I, but why do they not die in heaven as well as on earth? He could not tell. I told him it was because there is no sin there, that the inhabitants of heaven shall no more say even that they are sick, the people there being delivered from all their iniquity. If you heard of a country where none died, though at the uttermost end of the earth, would you not be very anxious to go there? If you could not pay your passage thither,

would you not be willing that the captain should sell you for a slave on reaching that happy land, in order to pay himself for taking you? That I would, said the man, with a determined tone of voice. Well, friend, is it not astonishing that so few ask, What shall I do to inherit eternal life? Is it not because they disbelieve all that God says respecting the world to come? If a single letter is received from America by a person in England, stating that it will be greatly to his advantage to settle there; the statement will be believed, if it comes from a man of wisdom and integrity, and a thousand to one but the person instantly begins to prepare for crossing the Atlantic ocean. But though God expatiates in his word upon the glories, riches, and boundless happiness of the heavenly state, and earnestly entreats men to come and take possession of it; yet few comparatively are at all influenced by what he says; they treat the whole as an idle tale. What will God do with such men? Will he not cast them from his presence, and signally punish them for their obstinacy and stupidity?

Some SHEEP were passing along to the butchers in order to be slaughtered. They made no resistance, no noise; but walked on peaceably. Now, said I, the Son of God went as peaceably and willingly to be put to death for sin, as you see these sheep going to their death; that he might obtain eternal redemption for them who should believe on him. He well knew the value of the soul of man, though most men neglect and despise his salvation—but do not you do it any longer. I never despised his salvation, said the man, rather angrily. I asked him if he had ever trusted in Christ for the salvation of his soul? He said he had not. Well, said I, that is despising his salvation. Though you may not have derided it with your lips, you have done it by your practice. If a man fall into the river, and I go to him in a boat to save him, and he will not come into my boat, but says he will take his own way in saving himself; is not that despising me and my help? Most certainly. In a similar way do such as neglect the Saiyur and his salvation, despise both. Or suppose that the man

who is to be hanged to-morrow, were to receive a written pardon from the king, but he threw it into a corner of his cell, and never presented it to the executioners of justice, and consequently was hanged, would not every one say that that man despised the king's clemency? So will every man appear to have done, who neglects the salvation of Christ.

As I walked on towards London, I observed many things which indicated that something uncommon was to take place to-day. I asked a man what such and such things meant. What, said the man, do you live under ground, or in the upper regions, that you do not know **PEACE** is to be **PROCLAIMED** to-day? I told him peace was proclaimed every day. With a contemptuous sneer, he asked me if peace with France was proclaimed every day! I said, No, but peace with a higher power was. What power, asked he, is greater than France? I answered, God—and he proclaims peace to men every day. Pray, said he, where? In his word. In his word, said he, what or where is that? The bible

is his word, it is God speaking to men from heaven—and friend, said I, if you believe not in that peace that is proclaimed to you through the sufferings of Jesus for sin, it will fare hard with you in the world to come.

The man became a little more civil, and listened attentively to some other remarks that I made. After which, he said that he had traversed the streets of London for more than thirty years, and never got good advice from any man till to-day. Well, said I, see that you profit by what you have heard; if you do not, you will regret it, for ever and ever.

WALK XIII.

Elegant Mansion—Two Men returning from Market—A Sieve—Servant Girl.

IN my walk this morning, I observed some men building an ELEGANT MANSION for a rich nobleman. I inquired of the workmen how long it was likely that building would stand? They said probably for two or three hundred years. Upon which assured them it was too feeble a fabric

for me, I was seeking for a house, that should last for ever. O, said several of the workmen, you will not meet with such a mansion in this world, you must have recourse to some other region, for every thing here, added one, perishes with the using. Well, said I, friends, I am daily seeking from God an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens, and I trust he will give it me, and I think your daily occupation should constantly remind you that it is your interest also to seek the same eternal house for a residence beyond the grave.

God is at present rearing a buildidg of mercy—men and women are the stones, and Jesus the Son of God is the chief corner-stone. This building began in the days of Adam; a great part of it is now finished; there was a first, and there shall be a last stone, which shall be put on with shoutings of Grace! grace! Consider, my friends, whether you make part of this precious building, for all others at the end of the world shall be cast as useless and worthless materials into everlasting burnings. There

is not one dead or useless stone in this divine building, all are made and kept alive by the heavenly Architect. Jesus is the collector of the stones, they are all dead when he comes to them; but he speaks to these dead stones through his gospel, and his word is powerful, so that they hear his voice, and are made willing to form part of the glorious building; and they become an habitation of God through the Spirit.

One of the workmen thanked me for my remarks, and afterward observed, that their stones, after coming from the quarry, required a deal of hewing and polishing before they were fit for the building. So do Christ's, said I, for this is a preparatory world; his stones are fitted here, for occupying their appointed places in the building above, and some of the stones are so hard that they require many years polishing before they can with propriety be removed. As Solomon prepared, at a distance, all the materials for building the temple at Jerusalem, that no sound of hammers and chisels might be heard at the edifice, while it was rearing, so does God respecting the

heavenly temple—he removes their imperfections so completely here, that they appear perfect before God when they come to Zion.

Some of the men appeared really desirous that their lot might be in the house of the Lord for ever. I earnestly advised them to ask this favour from the Lord of the house—I assured them he was the friend of sinners, and would in no wise cast out them that came to him for any favour, and pointed to the very passage* where he said so.

One of the men who had been listening to the conversation at a distance, came forward, and said, rather in a scoffing manner, I fear I am too rough and hard-hearted a fellow to make a good stone in the building you have been telling us of. I asked him if he thought he was more so than Manasseh the murderer, or Saul the persecutor; for these men had been made holy and happy through the riches and power of divine mercy and grace; and supposing you to be worse than either of these men, said I, yet

* John vi. 37.

WALK XIII. Two men returning from market

nothing is too hard or difficult for an omnipotent Saviour to accomplish. He came to save the chief of sinners, and he is perfectly able to accomplish the work he undertook. These few hints made the man a little more serious; one of his comrades observing this, said, (smiling a little,) I think, Tom, your mouth is closed for once. These are too serious subjects to trifle with, said I; you had better think seriously of them when you retire from work.

Leaving the builders, and walking a little further, I met TWO MEN RETURNING FROM MARKET, of whom I inquired the state of the markets. They assured me that every thing sold at such high prices, that they were almost afraid to purchase any thing. I told them I was sorry that the necessaries of life were so difficult to be obtained by the poor; but I was happy to know a market where invaluable necessaries were to be had for nothing; that a public cryer had proclaimed to the poor who had no money, to come and buy even wine and milk, without money, and without price*. The two

* Mat. lv. 1.

WALK XIII. Two men returning from market.

men looked at each other, as if they suspected that I was attempting to impose on their credulity. After a little pause, one of them inquired where the market was of which I had spoken? I told them the language I had used was metaphorical, at the same time that it was contained in the Scriptures, and meant, that the blessings of salvation were to be had of Christ for the asking, without any pre-requisite whatever.

To assist you to understand me, allow me to state an anecdote respecting myself. When I first was convinced that I was a guilty sinner before God, and thereby exposed to his wrath for ever, I became exceedingly uneasy, and could hardly either eat or sleep. There were two things at that time which I valued more highly than the aggregate wealth of both the Indies, viz. *pardon* and *peace*. Had I possessed ten thousand worlds, I surely would have been willing to have parted with them to purchase these two blessings. But I found they were not to be purchased with money. On reading the Scriptures, I found that God had provided a righteousness in his

WALK XIII. Two men returning from market.

own Son, and if I believed therein that it would entitle me to all the blessings I stood in need of—the grace of God taught me to believe what I read—then I was assured of pardon, and possessed of peace. Thus I became one of the happiest men in the world. I owe all to the infinite love of God in giving his Son, whom he has made unto us wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption : to the Son in becoming a sacrifice for sin, and dying for the ungodly : and to the Spirit of God in directing me, a poor sinner, to this all-sufficient Saviour.

O, said one of them, that is not the way I wish to be saved ; a good life—works, Sir, is the way to get to heaven. As you think works can procure heaven, does your life abound with these good works ? Not yet, said he ; but I hope it will before I die. I have no doubt, my friend, but you will live in the delusive hope of becoming better at some future period, till the day of your death, unless you come to the Son of God for a righteousness to entitle you to heaven. You must be a new man, a believer in the

WALK XIX. Two men returning from market.

Son of God, before any of your works can please God; you must first know how to live by faith on the Son of God, how to look to him for grace, how to obey from love and for the glory of the Lord, before you will do any thing aright.

The man replied, that he was not master of the matter we were discussing, only that he had always heard we were to be saved by our good deeds; such as charity to the poor, and going to church or meeting, and some such things, and he thought it very rational. You may think it rational, but it is not scriptural, that is, it is not the way God says we shall be saved. The Scriptures say, he that believes in Christ shall be saved, and that all who are saved shall abound in good works. Remember, too, that God publishes a salvation that is suited to the condition of every creature. This remark reminds me of a visit which a friend of mine made to a young man under sentence of death for forgery, and who was near the time of his execution. He preached to him from the word of God the message of mercy, that there was salvation, complete and present

salvation, for him in Christ. No, no, said the young man, by good works alone we can be saved. Then upon your principles, said my friend, you cannot be saved; for you who are chained to that floor, and have no connexion with any creature, cannot perform these good works. Wherefore he advised him to look only to the work of Christ, by which he perfectly glorified his Father in the room of sinners, by which he magnified and made honourable for ever the law of God. The man then asked, Is a person who has believed in Christ, afterwards to live as he pleases? In a certain sense he is, for what pleases God will then please him, and only that; for if he at any time deviates in heart or life from any of the commandments of his God whom he loves, he will condemn himself, and ask forgiveness from his God through the blood of his Son. He makes the will or command of God his rule of conduct. Here our conversation was interrupted.

Observing sieves for sale in a shop that I was passing, I called and made a purchase of one. While examining the sound-

ness of the sieves, I remarked - to those in the shop, that these sieves were a striking resemblance of too many minds. How so ? said the shopman. Because, said I, the sieve lets the good grain or the good liquor run through it, and only retains the chaff or the refuse. Now there are many men who can remember nothing about God or the things of God that they hear, but are remarkably retentive of whatever is foolish, vain, slanderous, or trifling. You are very right, said a woman, who was also making a purchase ; for we remember well things we should forget, and which we sometimes wish to forget, and cannot remember what we should, and often what we really wish to remember. Yes, replied I, for example, we should all remember every day that we are to stand before the judgment-seat of Christ to answer for all our conduct here, and it would do us much good to remember it, yet it is probable not one of us has thought upon it to-day. I asked every one present, one after another, whether they had or not, and all honestly acknowledged they had not. From this

day to the day of your death, said I to each, let the sieve be a memorial of the corruption of your minds, and of the necessity of calling daily upon God to put his laws in to your minds, and to write them on your hearts.

On returning home in the evening, a SERVANT GIRL belonging to a pious family was waiting, to request a bible to send to her sister in the country. So you consider the bible to be a valuable book, do you? said I. Yes, said she, indeed I do, but I only knew it to be so, since I came to the family with which I now live. When I came there I could not read. For some time I endeavoured to conceal this, but my mistress pointed out a chapter for me to read in the kitchen, and afterwards to tell her something about it. I was then obliged to confess I could not read, that my parents had never put me to school; being indifferent, alas! about their own souls, they were equally so about those of their children. When my mistress knew my situation, she purchased a spelling-book, and gave me a lesson every evening after my work was

done. Three weeks ago while reading of the sufferings of Christ, I was very much distressed about my soul—I told my mistress what I felt—she gave me much good advice and has conversed with me every day since that time, about something or other in the Scriptures. To convince you how anxious she is about me—only last night we had a company of good people to tea, she told me that I should hear some things in their conversation that would do me good. But I was very much disappointed indeed; for they only conversed about who was the best preacher, some new books that had lately been published, about some societies, and things of that kind; but there was nothing for me—nothing about Jesus.

After marking many chapters in the bible for her to read, and giving her a copy to send to her sister, I retired, looking to God for a blessing on all that had occurred during my walk.

THE END.

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